"IN THE DAYS OF THE COMET"

TEN CENTS

OSMOPOL TAN



MP H G WELLS' GREATEST SERIAL

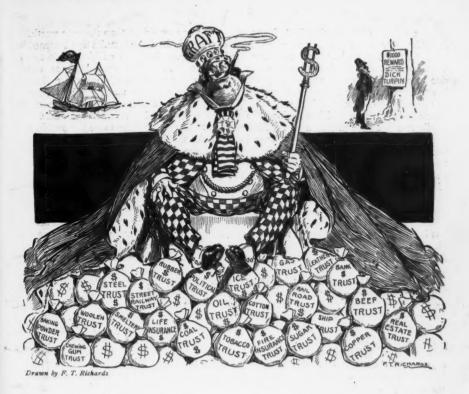


THE makers of Sapolio (a product which through special merit has gained more friends than any other household commodity in the world) call attention to its sister product, Hand Sapolio, of equal merit in its own sphere, the toilet and bath. It is a pure soap, a necessity to those whose hands become frequently stained, yet equally desirable for general family use, from the delicate-skinned baby to the romping schoolboy.

It removes roughness, stains, and dead skin, prevents chapping, ensures an enjoyable, invigorating bath, one that makes every pore respond, energizes the whole body, starts the circulation, and imparts the vigor and life sensation of a mild

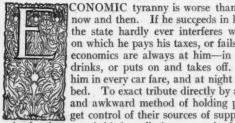
Turkish Bath.





Let Us Take Charge of Our Own Property

BY ERNEST CROSBY



CONOMIC tyranny is worse than political. Politics touches a man only now and then. If he succeeds in keeping out of the clutches of the police, the state hardly ever interferes with him perceptibly except on the day on which he pays his taxes, or fails to pay them, as the case may be. But economics are always at him-in all that he buys and sells, or eats and drinks, or puts on and takes off. As he goes about town they confront him in every car fare, and at night the price of his pajamas follows him to bed. To exact tribute directly by act of Parliament or Congress is a crude and awkward method of holding people up. It is much more elegant to get control of their sources of supplies and then make them pay your own

price for them-and this is really just as much of a hold-up. A man will resist and make a great fuss if you try to take away from him the apples he has picked, but if you can delude him into letting you gain possession of his apple-tree, he will usually pay you what you ask for the fruit, and instead of cursing you, he will regard you as a benefactor of mankind. And so the really clever thieves do not waste their time on mere apples, but they go for the tree every time, and the public has hardly got on to their game yet. And the name of the apple-tree is monopoly.

Cosmopolitan Magazine

The essence of economic tribute is the paying of more for things than they are worth. What is the upshot of these insurance investigations? How have the families that battened on the Equitable and Mutual and New York Life treasuries been enabled to do so? Where did these huge accumulations of money come from? The whole business was due to one simple fact, namely, that people were paying more for life insurance than it was worth, and that these precious gangs of gentlemen were making you and me pay premiums of just double the honest figure. Think for a minute what this means. There is nothing for which a thrifty man will so scrimp and pinch himself and his family as to pay the premium on his life insurance. They may have to go ill nourished and half clad. The old overcoat may have to do shabby duty another winter, the worn-out dress may have to be made over again, the promising boy may have to give up his chance for a good education—but the premium must be paid. And perhaps you succeed in scraping enough money together to pay it. Remember, if you do, that one-half of it is tribute pure and simple, filched from your pocket so that these worthy gentlemen may add to their millions. And if you cannot pay this extortionate rate, then your policy

and all that you have paid on it may be forfeited to the same pool.

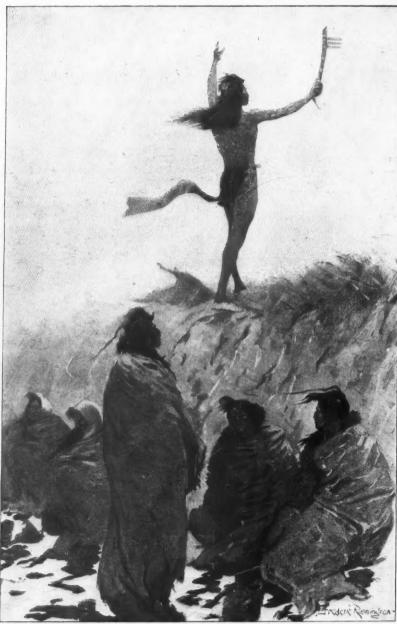
And life insurance is only one of many similar tribute-exacting trades. Mr. Lawson has been letting us in to some of the secrets of current Wall Street methods, and they are all of a piece. It is all graft—something for nothing—tribute. It is all that economic tyranny which is so much worse than the political article. We pay a dollar for a thousand feet of illuminating gas now in New York, and we are very proud of ourselves, because it took a long and arduous fight in the legislature to bring the price down to this rate. Everybody knows that gas can be furnished at a profit for fifty cents, and probably for much less. One-half at least of every gas bill is graft. Why do we pay it? Because the gas companies have possession of our streets and we are obliged to submit. And it is the same story with our telephones and street cars and telegraphs and railways and a thousand and one other things. What a row John Hampden made over ship-money! And at last King Charles lost his head. And what an uproar our good ancestors raised over a paltry tax on tea! And King George lost his colonies. But we are paying tenfold tribute of the kind at every turn to-day, and we actually behave as if we liked it! I wonder what Patrick Henry would say if he could drop down upon us now and find himself forced to pay forty cents for a twenty-cent telegram, so as to provide a rake-off for billionaires! I think he would begin talking about liberty and death again. "Not one cent for tribute, millions for defense," was the cry of our forbears. And of all tribute economic tribute is the most odious.

Clearly it is time to do something. There are a great many kinds of monopoly, and some are clearer and more self-evident than others. Let us abolish monopoly wherever we recognize it; that is a safe rule. As far as the streets of our own cities are concerned at any rate, let us resume our possession of them. It seems rather idiotic to set bandits up in business in your own highways for the purpose of holding yourselves up! That was the opinion of many voters in recent elections in Chicago and New York, and it seems a reasonable one. Some of our citizens thought that these movements were hardly respectable enough. "Why not get up a Committee of Seventy, composed of our leading business men, as we used to do?" they asked, forgetting that most of these gentlemen were up to their necks in monopoly themselves, and were perhaps indulging in unpleasant

dreams about grand juries.

The old cry of a "business administration" will never work again, for we are beginning to learn what "business" really is, and that business graft differs from political graft only in its dimensions. The back door of the corrupt political organization opens on Wall Street, and neither of those great institutions can afford to put on airs and assume greater virtues than the other. Human nature is much alike everywhere, and it ought not to be put to the test of unlimited right of entry into other people's pockets, because it almost always fails. We owe it to our monopolist fellow-citizens to lead them out of temptation. So long as we let them have our streets and franchises to do what they will with, their moral characters are subjected to a strain which no mortal man should be called upon to undergo. For their own good, let us take charge of our own property, and make a new Declaration of Independence.





Drawn by Frederic Remington

THE FIRE EATER RAISED HIS ARMS TO THE THUNDER BIRD

(See " The Way of an Indian," page 309)

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

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Out with a Moving-Picture Machine

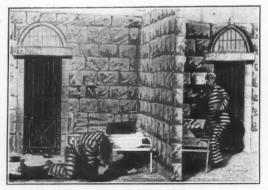
BY THEODORE WATERS

ANZER, the restless prisoner in the cell next to mine, was pacing back and forth like a caged animal. The moment which for days we had waited was approaching; the moment when, if all was propitious, we would make a break for liberty. It was a question of the restless prisoner's preparedness. If he could key himself up to the proper pitch thisday, he would signal me to be on the lookout for the war-

der, and when the latter approached I would signal back through the cell wall so that he, my neighbor, could have time to feign the sleep that would throw the warder off his guard and give him a chance to spring

upon that official from behind. Oh, we had planned it all just before entering our cells, and if all went well we would be safe in Panzer's cottage by night, for he was as desperate as he looked was my neighbor; his wife and children were waiting for him even then, and if we could but reach them——!

Hark! It was the signal. Panzer was ready. I rushed to the door of my cell and gazed stealthily down the corridor. Yes, the warder was approaching. I rushed back and signaled the fact to my friend. I could hear the creak of his cot as he threw himself hastily upon it. I jumped for my own cot and sat upon it, my head in my hands, the picture of dejection. Through my fingers I could see the warder pause for a moment at the door of my cell. Then he passed on to the cell next door. I was off my cot in an instant, listening at the barred door. I heard the key grate in the lock, the self-sufficient grunt of the keeper as he



BEARING HIM WITH A DULL THUD TO THE GROUND

placed the water-cup upon the shelf. his momentary pause as he surveyed the reclining form of the prisoner, the creak of the door as he opened it again to go out and then - Panzer was up and on him like a flash, bearing him with a dull thud to the ground, his left hand on his

throat, his right reaching for the pistol that protruded ominously from the warder's pocket. I knew these things as by instinct as I raged in anticipation about my cell, panting, listening for the dread cry that might bring the other keepers. But it came not, that cry. Panzer had taken the pistol and with blow after blow of its butt end had driven back the utterance that might have foiled our plan. The keys! I heard them jingle as they came away from the keeper's belt. I heard the cell door clang as Panzer ran out, his cry of exultation as he rushed to my door. I waited an age, cursing his bungthe key that would open my door. Any moment and a keeper might find business in that corridor. But at last, at last the door swung open and I was free, free—No, we must first get out of the jail. But that, too, we had planned.

"Tracy next," said Panzer hoarsely. We rushed to a near-

ling fingers while he hunted for

"Tracy next," said Panzer hoarsely. We rushed to a nearby cell. "Thank heaven! Free at last!" exclaimed Tracy in a stage whisper, as he stepped from his cell. "This way, boys; follow me!" exclaimed Panzer. With determined faces we ran along the corridor and out of a

door leading to the roof, and as we rushed out, striped suits and all, into the bright light of day, there fell upon us a roar of wild applause, the sound of multitudino us hand-clapping. "Hurrah!"

"Bravo!"
"Do it again!"
"Bully good!"
"Hey there,
stripes, y'er the
real thing all



WITH THE MACHINE RECORDING EVERY MOVEMENT, WE CREPT ALONG THE ROOF



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THE DUDE SENT THEM WRONG



PART OF FILM SHOWING THE ESCAPE OVER THE ROOF

right! You look the part!" "Where are you goin' to show that?" "Is that gun loaded?" etc., etc., etc.

We looked up and scanned the strangest arena ever contrived by man. We were standing upon the roof of an office building. Years ago it would have been thought high, but it had lately been dwarfed by the skyscrapers which encircled it. The highest building on earth loomed far above us. And the voices we heard cause from its hundreds of back windows which were crowded with an army of typewriters and office clerks who had been enjoying their nooning with a view of the hair-raising melodrama, "Escaped from Sing Sing," which for the benefit of a vitagraph machine was having its first scene enacted on a roof-top in the heart of New York's business district.

In the streets below, the tide of prosaic business ebbed and flowed, all unconscious of the proximity of romance. Only those fortunate souls with box seats in the proscenium of the skyscrapers were aware of the almost daily occurrence of sights and sounds which the theater-going public for the most part imagines take place far from the madding crowd.

Sights and sounds? Yes. The public taste in moving pictures (which has been sated with scenes of foreign travel and now demands "stories," i.e., correlated series of melodramatic incidents, comic or tragic), is so exacting in the matter of realism that in order to make the pantomimes as lifelike as possible, the performers are required to talk as well as to act their parts.

And that is why the progress of the fight between the convict and the warder in the one cell was so perfectly apparent to me in the next—I could hear every word; that is why Panzer cried hoarsely, "Tracy next!"—to enable the picture machine to convey the exact expression of a man keen to release a fellow prisoner from his cell; that is why our faces were "determined" as we ran along the corridor and out on the roof where we met the applause of the people in the windows.







REAL EXCITEMENT PREVAILED WHEN WE HELD UP AN AUTOMOBILE

And here a word of explanation as to how the writer came to be there and in the clothes of a convict.

One night recently I saw a chase reproduced in a theater together with views of an interior which could only have been especially built for the occasion, and it was a quest of such an interior that finally led me out on the roof-top whereon the prison scene was being enacted. Chases, the camera man had said, are the latest feature of the moving-picture game. Time was when people were satisfied with views of strange places at home or abroad, but lately the taste had run to melodramas and lightcomedy scenes, so that the picture concerns, instead of sending abroad for views are compelled to invent them at home, which means a staff of pantomime authors, companies of actors to play the parts, scene painters to give them the proper settings, and numerous other appurtenances, human and otherwise, of a regularly equipped theater. "But," said the man in conclusion, "there is just one way to learn the moving-picture game and that is to take part in it. We are about to take a series showing an escape from Sing Sing. There will be plenty of excitement and much shooting about the country. How would you like to be one of the convicts?" And so one bright day I found myself on the roof of the office building clad in stripes and hard at it rehearsing

the scene described in the opening of this article.

Although classed as an interior, our cells were not even enclosed. The stage carpenter had painted an ordinary flat with two barred doors in it and a partition "wall" between the doors extending from the flat across the middle of the stage toward the camera. Thus the cells had neither fronts nor sides, but that fact did not appear on the moving-picture films. Besides, the arrangement could be adapted to make a jail courtyard scene, as became evident when the stage manager said:

"Now then, carpenter, tear away that partition and make an exterior of that flat; put numbers on the cell doors and hang a bell-rope down the wall for the keepers to give the alarm, while we are getting these boys out of the jail. This way, convicts."

He led us around toward a half-open scuttle in the roof and told us to climb into it. The picture machine was placed just back of the scuttle.

"Now," said the stage manager, "as soon as I close this scuttle we will start the machine. Then you fellows push up the scuttle as though you had found your way to the roof of the jail. Climb out and run crouching to the edge of the roof and peer over. We will have another machine down below to get you as you go down the wall."

Slowly, stealthily, as convicts might, we

raised the iron cover and with the machine recording every movement, every expression, we crept along the roof and peered over the edge. Ten feet below was an extension. An iron ladder led down to it, but at the foot of the ladder walked a sentry, an actor in jail-warder's uniform, armed with a rifle. Another camera had been recording his slow pacing back and forth and now of course it began to show our heads looming menacingly above him. Further along, the stage manager, all excitement, but out of range of the camera, was shouting directions.

"That's right, you fellows, keep dodging back as he paces up and down. Now when he turns his back on you, you, Panzer, run down the ladder and jump on him. That's it, come, quick now!"

Panzer slid over the edge like a cat and dropped swiftly to the extension. Tracy went next and I followed. By the time I had reached the foot of the ladder the fight was on. Panzer had the guard on his back choking and beating him into feigned insensibility. Tracy got the rifle which had dropped from the guard's hands and I got his revolver from his hip pocket. Leaving him where he had fallen we all three ran exultingly toward and past the camera.

"Now, then, for the alarm," said the stage

manager.

We went back to the cells. What a transformation! The partition had been torn away. Numbers had been placed on the cell doors and down the face of the wall dangled a rope. Apparently it hung from a bell, for back of it was a placard with the following legend:

ı Bell Fire. 2 Bells An Escape.3 Bells General Alarm.

The camera was already in motion, pointing to the doors of the cells. A call from the stage manager and out of the door of one of the cells crawled painfully the guard who had been first struck down by Panzer. Painted blood streamed from his forehead, but the rest of his face had all the pallor that grease paint could give it. His movements were painful in the extreme, but his determination was apparent enough. He meant to reach that rope or die melodramatically in the attempt. Just before he reached the dangling cord he managed to get upon his feet, so that the audience might be sure of his intention. Then with one

wild clutch of the bell-cord he fell apparently lifeless to the floor. Instantly from all directions swarmed other warders, who gazed horror-struck at their comrade on the floor. Their gesticulations were violent. their language not less so, as they told one another of the horrible thing that had happened. Yes, there could be no doubt of it.



TAKING A MOVING PICTURE

the prisoners had escaped, the cells were empty, Jim was croaked, etc., etc. So their leader, Denny Mullen, a character actor of some note, reached for the bell-cord and gave it three tremendously obvious pulls. Then they all ran off stage. Whereupon the senseless warder, for the sake of a last human touch, stirred uneasily, got upon his feet again, reached for the cord and fell stone dead, to the sad music of a streetpiano down in Nassau Street and the wild applause of the audience up in the skyscrapers.

"Having an audience isn't so bad as long as you can keep it at a distance," remarked the stage manager while the property man struck the scene. "If you will notice any series of pictures, even those of crowded city streets, you will seldom see a person on the screen who does not belong there. Now, their absence does not mean that the negative has been retouched. Retouching our negatives costs at least twenty-five cents a foot, and as a good series is often one thousand feet long, the expense of retouching becomes prohibitory. No, we find it better to bribe, or jolly, or even to fool the crowd out of range. We have even gone to the trouble of using two picture machines, one without a film in it, to engage the crowd at one point while we took a real picture at another. Again, we have been interfered with by persons who honestly enough thought we were perpetrating a crime."

In Bronx Park we donned our stripes again and submitted to being chased by the warders. We ran up hill and down dale, firing back as we ran, and just as soon as we had passed the picture machine the warders would always break out of the bushes and

have the interrupted picnic party now," said the stage manager.

We were in truth hungry enough, but the stage manager had reference to a stage picnic. Two actresses and an actor from a Broadway production had been engaged to depict a party of three lunching under the trees. They were already in position waiting for the picture machine to start so that they could give a realistic imitation of how actors eat. But the food was real enough. "Now," said the stage manager, "you

"Now," said the stage manager, "you three are eating your luncheon. The convicts will break out of those bushes over there. They will run down upon you and



THE ONCOMING WARDERS WERE GIVING US THE CHASE OF OUR LIVES

race after us, firing as they ran. None of the warders managed to hit us during these pursuits, but, because the sympathy of an audience is always paradoxically on the side of a fleeing prisoner, we would occasionally wing a warder. That is, one of our smooth-faced pursuers would throw up his hands and do a slow, twisting fall, well out of the way of his jumping comrades. This did not deprive the picture machine of his services, however, for disguised by a false mustache he would be back in the next picture chasing us as hard as ever. I intimated that if we kept it up long enough all of the warders would have full beards, but the joke seemingly fell upon barren soil.

"You fellows have got to eat. We will

hold you up. The two girls will run out of the picture, leaving the dude in the hands of the convicts. Panzer, you back him up against the tree while the other two convicts grab the food. Threaten to shoot him if he does not direct the keepers the wrong way, and then all three convicts hide behind these near-by bushes while the warders run into the picture. The dude will direct them the wrong way. Then the convicts will run in the opposite direction, whereupon you girls will run in and berate the dude for his cowardice and when the warders return direct them the right way."

"And say," exclaimed one of the warders, fervently. "Don't let those striped juve-



WE USED THE TONNEAU FOR A BREAST-WORK

niles forget that they are gentlemen and gobble all the vittles!"

We came up the path velling so fiercely that the girls were almost scared and the dude quivered under the point of Panzer's pistol as though it were loaded with ball instead of blank cartridges. We scooped the food artistically and waited behind a bush for the warders to run in, which they did as soon as directed. The dude sent them wrong and then we scurried off in the opposite direction. Back came the girls, who proceeded to lay it over the mere man who still shivered against the tree trunk. "Oh, heavens, unprotected females like them, what could they do?" Enter Denny Mullen heading the warders, down center. "Hello, Bright Eyes," quoth Denny. "What's the trouble?" "Oh, sir, the horrid convicts! You have been deceived. They

have gone west with our dinner!" "Curses on them! This way, boys!" Exit left, and quick curtain for the lens.

But real excitement prevailed when we held up an automobile. How natural for your Twentieth Century jail-breaker, after scurrying across lots to

the main highway, to come upon an imported "bubble" wagon all ready to carry him home to wife and children dear! We got it by prearrangement just after we "broke cover" on the side of a hill, very much to the consternation of some park employees who were raking hav in a nearby field. They had not noticed the picture machine and when they saw three desperately striped villains run up to the auto and, calmly shooting its occupants, forge ahead, they were much amazed and some-what indignant. We would have reassured them then and there, but the eye of the camera was wide open and the oncoming warders were already requisitioning another auto farther back preparatory to giving us the chase of our lives.

"What is it all about, anyhow?" asked some one, who was standing close at hand.

"Taking moving pictures," said a man, who seemed to be in charge. "We have the necessary permit from the park authorities."

Of course there came a time when our auto gave out and broke down by the side of a road, right where there was the



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PURSUIT OF THE WARDERS

finest background for a close-to fight that could possibly be selected. With the picture machine grinding rapidly, we used the tonneau for a breast-work over which we killed some warders. The latter had taken up a position behind some wagon-trucks, the drivers of which had worked hard for their employers by hanging around our preparations with expectant grins. But when we turned our guns their way and began to shoot, there was a sudden and valiant return to their usual occupation of driving wagons that was refreshing indeed. The warders beat us out, of course. After wasting more cartridges than we could ever have carried away from the jail with us, we turned and fled down a steep bank where we dropped flat in the grass in order to give our pursuers a chance to fire over our heads and to do some of those slow, twisting falls

in the very eye of the camera. Now it must not be inferred from all this that we were aimlessly drifting about the country for the sake of being shot at by relentless warders. We had been aiming all the while to reach the cottage where Panzer's stage wife, accompanied by two "pathetically pretty" children, was awaiting our coming. Of course she did not know she was awaiting our coming, for the stage manager had not yet told her about it, but we knew she would be waiting, and we counted much upon her assistance. The house was a typical country cottage with roses climbing up the sides and a large dog chained in the woodshed. Panzer meant to pat that dog lovingly on the head and the dog was to fawn upon him just to prove to the audience that animal instinct always recognizes an honest convict when it sees one. But the dog absolutely refused to rehearse the part and the head convict refused to take a chance in the real scene unless the animal rehearsed first. So we passed up the dog and ran to the back door, where Tracy and I waited while Panzer went inside to break the news to his wife and tell her that we were outside. Of course the camera inferred that she welcomed us for the sake of her husband, poor woman, for after a while Tracy came outside again to keep watch, and that is where the mean guards began to get the best of us, for one of them sneaked up while he was not looking and shot Tracy in the back. He staggered into the house to warn us and we-but the picture machine stopped running at that moment because the rest of the scene was to be shown as an interior which we were to enact on the roof in the heart of the skyscraper district in lower Manhattan.

We found our skyscraper audiencewaiting for us to enact the last act of our melodrama on the roof of the office building. property man had done wonders with hammer and brush during our absence. He had erected a cottage interior, a squalid room with plaster breaking from the walls, rickety furniture and a general air of dilapidation, such as the vaudeville public would naturally expect to see in the home of a convict. The convict's wife was there, too, a well-dressed actress who, when she heard of her new lot in life, promptly laid her finery aside and donned other clothes for the occasion. The children, too, a boy and a girl, looked more of the Fauntleroy than of the jail-brat class, and they too had to be "undressed" for the part.

When the last scene opened the convict's wife was discovered seated with the boy in her lap. She was putting on his new pair of stockings and telling him a story of the cruel enemies who had told lies about his father, who in consequence had been compelled to "go away," but who would come back soon to his darlings and take them to a happier, brighter home. The little girl was "helping mother" clean house, with a

broom twice as big as herself.

"And when is papa coming back, mamma? Will he be here to-night?"

"Hush, darling, not to-night; but be a

good boy, and---

Hark! What was that? The child slipped from her arms. She stood up, impelled by a nameless dread. There it was again! That voice! That step upon the threshold! Ah! Yes. It was! It was! My husband! The swift, exciting music of the omnipresent street-piano down in Nassau Street took the place of a regular orchestra. "My husband, you here!"

"Yes!" (Embracing her and the chil-

"Yes!" (Embracing her and the children hurriedly.) "But this is no time for words! They are after us, those devils of warders!"

"Us?"

"Ah, I forgot! My friends are outside! I will bring them in!"

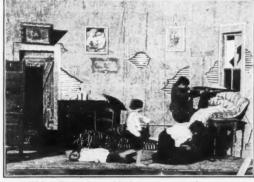
Panzer ran outside and brought us in, just as he had done in the exterior view of the house. We were introduced and held the necessary confab, after which Tracy ran

out again so that the keeper could sneak up and shoot him. While he was doing this I was peering anxiously through the groundglass window, ground glass because when

we broke it later the cracks would show plainly in the camera.

What was that? A shot!

Tracy staggered into the room, pointed uncertainly toward the East River and fell dead, well up stage. I jumped for the open door and barred it ostentatiously. Panzer grabbed



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"OH, MAMMA," HE CRIED, SISSY HAS FALLEN DOWN!"

Tracy's gun and thrusting it right through the lower panes of ground-glass began blazing away at the outside world. I, heaven help me! looked at the wall. There on its hooks hung old granther's revolutionary weapon. Thrusting its muzzle crashing through the upper panes of groundglass, I too blazed away at our enemies. The children stood apart, motionless, with a fear that was almost real. The wife wrung her hands and made ready for a splendid display of fortitude. The streetpiano struck up faster than ever. Panzer and I pumped lead. The keepers outside got busy with their shooting irons and the window glass began to break into the room.

God-a-mercy! What was it—wha—In my excitement I had exposed my form across the window and an imaginary bullet took me squarely between the eyes. The fierceness froze upon my face; the muscles of my legs began to relax; the gun dropped from my hand and with the directions of the stage manager ringing dimly in my ears I lurched off the washstand upon which I had climbed and fell dead upon the body of Tracy. Tracy grunted horribly.

For a moment Panzer was nonplussed. But his wife grabbed my gun and loaded it for him, and he went on shooting. Out of the tail of my half-closed eye I could see them working furiously to stem the assault. The children were running back and forth,

and I felt it in my dead bones that something would happen to them if they did not look out. And the something did happen. The little girl was crossing the room when

suddenly she threw up her hands and fell down, center. Neither the convict nor his wife noticed it, but the other child did.

"Oh, mamma," he cried. "Sissy has fallen down!"

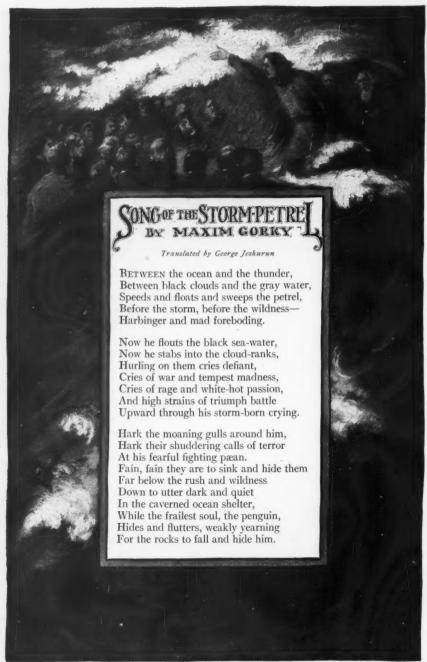
With a shriek the poor mother turned to her dying child. Panzer also turned, realized the sad

truth and gave up the fight. He had not a blank cartridge left, poor fellow. With a despairing cry he gathered his family into his arms. Let the warders come now, if they wanted to. What was a prison cell in the face of this? Aye, what was death itself? Down in Nassau Street the music of the hurdy-gurdy had turned soft and plaintive. Down from the windows of the skyscrapers fell a voiceless sigh of appreciation.

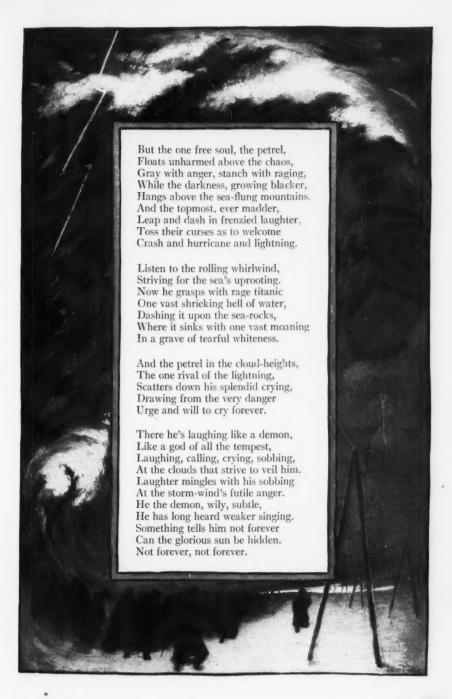
Into the door surged the keepers, more black-mustached than ever. The leader took in the situation at a glance, of course, and in the presence of such grief waved his men back. They took off their hats and solemnly dressed stage. Then their leader very gently laid his hand upon Panzer's shoulder. The heartbroken man arose and without a word started for the door. His wife, as directed, held him tightly by the hand, reluctant to let him go. But at last, at last, he wrenched it away and went slowly out, leaving his poor wife with a live child in one arm, a dead one in the other.

"Hey, Tracy," said Denny Mullen as we stood up. "You're all covered with white. What is it?"

"Oh," answered the other. "Talcum! We were not allowed to shoot off guns on the roof. So every time those fellows took an imaginary shot out of the window, the stage manager threw in a handful of talcum powder to make smoke."



Drawn by George T. Tobin





In the Days of the Comet

BY H. G. WELLS

BOOK THE FIRST-THE COMET

CHAPTER THE FIRST—DUST IN THE SHADOWS—(CONTINUED)

Synopsis.—The narrator tells the story of the Great Change. When a young man he was a clerk in a pot-bank in Clayton. He has been engaged to marry Nettie Stuart, but the girl has broken with him on account of his socialism and religious doubt. Refused an increase of salary, he decides to give up his position. He takes his troubles to his friend Parload—a man of his own age and views. Parload has a taste for science, especially astronomy, and is deeply interested in a comet whose path threatens to approach the earth's orbit. The two friends climb a ridge whence they may view the skies, the town before them and the country beyond. Here they discuss the conditions under which they live.

IV



E saw everything simply, as young men will. We had our angry, confident solutions, and whosoever would criticise them was a friend of the robbers. It was a clear case of robbery, we held—visibly so: there in those great houses lurked the Landlord and the Capitalist, with his scoundrel

the Lawyer, with his cheat the Priest, and we others were all the victims of their deliberate villainies. No doubt they winked and chuckled over their rare wines, amidst their dazzling, wickedly dressed women, and plotted further grinding for the faces of the poor. And amidst all the squalor on the other hand, amidst brutalities, ignorance and drunkenness, suffered multitudinously their blameless victim, the Working-Man. And we, almost at the first glance, had found all this out; it had merely to be asserted now with sufficient rhetoric and vehemence to change the face of the whole world. The Working-Man would arise—in the form of a Labor Party, and with young men like Parload and myself to represent him—and come to his own, and then——?

Then the robbers would get it hot, and



Drawn by Henri Lanos

I HAD A GLIMPSE OF MR. GABBITAS WORKING OVER HIS NEGATIVES BY CANDLE-LIGHT IN HIS ROOM



Drawn by Henri Lanos

EVERYONE WAS LOOKING FOR ITS WAXING SPLENDOR AS THE SUN WENT DOWN

everything would be extremely satisfac-

torv

Unless my memory plays me strange tricks, this does no injustice to the creed of thought and action that Parload and I held as the final result of human wisdom. We believed it with heat, and rejected with heat, the most obvious qualification of its harshness. At times, in our great talks, we were full of heady hopes for the near triumph of our doctrine; more often, our mood was hot resentment at the wickedness and stupidity that delayed so plain and simple a reconstruction of the order of the world. Then we grew malignant, and thought of barricades and significant violence. I was very bitter, I know, upon this night of which I am now particularly telling, and the only face upon the hydra of Capitalism and Monopoly that I could see at all clearly, smiled exactly as old Rawdon had smiled when he refused to give me more than a paltry twenty shillings

I wanted intensely to salve my self-respect by some revenge upon him, and I felt that if that could be done by slaying the hydra, I might drag its carcass to the feet of Nettie and settle my other trouble as well! "What do you think of me now, Nettie?"

That, at any rate, comes near enough to the quality of my thinking then, for you to imagine how I gesticulated and spouted to Parload that night. You figure us as little black figures, unprepossessing in the outline, set in the midst of that desolating night of flaming industrialism, and my little voice with a rhetorical twang pro-

testing, denouncing.

You will consider those notions of my youth poor, silly, violent stuff; particularly if you are of the younger generation born since the Change, you will be of that opinion. Nowadays when the whole world thinks clearly, thinks with deliberation, pellucid certainties, you find it impossible to imagine how any other thinking could have been possible. Let me tell you, then, how you can bring yourself to something like the condition of our former state. In the first place, you must get yourself out of health by unwise drinking and eating, and out of condition by neglecting your exercise; then you must contrive to be worried very much and made very anxious and uncomfortable, and then you must work

very hard for four or five days and for long hours every day at something too petty to be interesting, too complex to be mechanical, and without any personal significance to you whatever. This done, go straightway into a room that is not ventilated at all and that is already full of foul air, and there set yourself to think out some very complicated problem. In a very little while you will find yourself in a state of intellectual muddle, annoyed, impatient, snatching at the obvious, presently choosing and rejecting conclusions haphazard. Try to play chess under such conditions, and you will play stupidly and lose your temper. Try to do anything that taxes brain or temper, and you will fail.

Now, the whole world before the Change was as sick and feverish as that; it was worried and overworked and perplexed by problems that would not get stated simply, that altered and evaded solution; it was in an atmosphere that had corrupted and thickened past breathing; there was no thorough, cool thinking in the world at all. There was nothing in the mind of the world anywhere but half-truths, hasty assumptions, hallucinations and emotion.

Nothing.

I know it seems incredible, and that already some of the younger men are beginning to doubt the greatness of the Change our world has undergone, but read, read the newspapers of that time. Every age becomes mitigated and a little ennobled in our minds as it recedes into the past. It is the part of those who, like myself, have stories of that time to tell, to supply, by a scrupulous spiritual realism, some antidote to that glamour.

V

Always with Parload I was chief talker. I can look back upon myself with, I believe, an almost perfect detachment. Things have so changed that, indeed, now I am another being, with scarcely anything in common with that boastful, foolish youngster whose troubles I recall. I see him vulgarly theatrical, egotistical, insincere; indeed, I do not like him save with that instinctive material sympathy that is the fruit of incessant intimacy. Because he was myself, I may be able to feel and write understandingly about motives that

will put him out of sympathy with nearly every reader, but why should I palliate or

defend his quality?

Always, I say, I did the talking, and it would have amazed me beyond measure if anyone had told me that mine was not the greater intelligence in these wordy encounters. Parload was a quiet youth, and stiff and restrained in all things, while I had that supreme gift for young men and democracies, the gift of copious expression. Parload I diagnosed in my secret heart as a trifle dull. He posed as pregnantly quiet. I thought, and was obsessed by the congenial notion of "scientific caution." I did not remark that while my hands were chiefly useful for gesticulation or holding a pen, Parload's hands could do all sorts of things, and I did not think, therefore, that fibers must run from those fingers to something in his brain. Nor, though I bragged perpetually of my shorthand, of my literature, of my indispensable share in Rawdon's business, did Parload lay stress on the conics and calculus he "mugged" in the organized science school. Parload is a famous man now, a great figure in a great time; his work upon intersecting radiations has broadened the intellectual horizon of mankind forever, and I, who am at best a hewer of intellectual wood, a drawer of living water, can smile, and he can smile, to think how I patronized and posed and jabbered over him in the darkness of those early days.

That night I was shrill and eloquent beyond measure. Rawdon was, of course, the hub upon which I went round-Rawdon, and the Rawdonesque employer, and the injustice of "wage-slavery" and all the immediate conditions of that industrial blind alley up which it seemed our lives were thrust. But ever and again I glanced at other things. Nettie was always there in the background of my mind, regarding me enigmatically. It was part of my pose to Parload that I had a romantic loveaffair somewhere away beyond the sphere of our intercourse, and that note gave a Byronic resonance to many of the nonsensical things I produced for his astonish-

ment.

I will not weary you with too detailed an account of the talk of a foolish youth who was also distressed and unhappy, and whose voice was balm for the humiliations that smarted in his eyes. Indeed, now, in many particulars, I cannot disentangle this harangue of which I tell from many of the things I may have said in other talks to Parload. For example, I forget if it was then or before or afterward that, as it were by accident, I let out what might be taken as an admission that I was addicted to drugs.

"You shouldn't do that," said Parload suddenly. "It won't do to poison your

brains with that."

My brains, my eloquence, were to be very important assets to our party in the

coming revolution. .

But one thing does clearly belong to this particular conversation I am recalling. When I started out, it was quite settled in the back of my mind that I must not leave Rawdon's. I simply wanted to abuse my employer to Parload. But I talked myself quite out of touch with all the cogent reasons there were for sticking to my place, and I got home that night irrevocably committed to a spirited—not to say a defiant—policy with my employer.

"I can't stand Rawdon's much longer," I said to Parload by way of a flourish.

"There's hard times coming," said Parload.

"Next winter?"

"Sooner. The Americans have been overproducing and they mean to dump. The iron trade is going to have convulsions."

"I don't care. Pot-banks are steady."
"With a corner in borax? No. I've eard---"

"What have you heard?"

"Office secrets. But it's no secret there's trouble coming to potters. There's been borrowing and speculation. The masters don't stick to one business as they used to do. I can tell that much. Half the valley may be 'playing' before two months are out." Parload delivered himself of this unusually long speech in his most pithy and weighty manner.

"Playing" was our local euphemism for a time when there was no work and no money for a man, a time of stagnation and dreary, hungry loafing day after day. Such interludes seemed in those days a necessary consequence of industrial or-

ganization.

"You'd better stick to Rawdon's," said Parload.

"Ugh!" said I, affecting a noble disgust.

"There'll be trouble," said Parload.
"Who cares?" said I. "Let there be trouble-the more the better. This system has got to end, sooner or later. These capitalists with their speculation and corners and trusts make things go from bad to worse. Why should I cower in Rawdon's office, like a frightened dog, while hunger walks the streets? Hunger is the master revolutionary. When he comes, we ought to turn out and salute him. I'm going to do so now."

"That's all very well," began Parload.

"I'm tired of it." I said. "I want to come to grips with all these Rawdons. I think perhaps if I was hungry and savage I could talk to hungry men-

"There's your mother," said Parload in his slow, judicial way.

That was a difficulty.

I got over it by a rhetorical turn. "Why should one sacrifice the future of the world why should one even sacrifice one's own future-because one's mother is totally destitute of imagination?"

VI

It was late when I parted from Parload and came back to my own home.

Our house stood in a highly respectable little square near the Clayton parish church; Mr. Gabbitas, the curate-of-all-work, lodged on our ground floor, and upstairs there was an old lady, Miss Holroyd, who painted flowers on china and maintained her blind sister in an adjacent room; my mother and I lived in the basement and slept in the attic. The front of the house was veiled by a Virginia creeper that defied the Clayton air and clustered in untidy dependent masses over the wooden porch.

As I came up the steps, I had a glimpse of Mr. Gabbitas working over his negatives by candle-light in his room. It was the chief delight of his little life to spend his holiday abroad in the company of a queer little snap-shot camera, and to return with a great multitude of foggy and sinister negatives that he had made in beautiful and interesting places. He would spend his evenings the year through in printing from them in order to inflict copies upon his undeserving friends. There was a long frameful of his work in the Clayton National School, for example, inscribed in

old English lettering, "Italian Travel Pictures by the Rev. E. B. Gabbitas." For this, it seemed, he lived and traveled and had his being. It was his only real joy. By his shaded light I could see his sharp little nose, his little pale eyes behind his glasses, his mouth pursed up with the endeavor of his employment.

"Hireling liar," I muttered, for was not he also part of the system, part of the scheme of robbery that made wage-serfs of Parload and me?—though his share in the proceeds were certainly small.

"Hireling liar," said I, standing in the darkness, outside even his faint glow of traveled culture.

My mother let me in.

She looked at me, mutely, because she knew there was something wrong and that it was no use for her to ask what.

"Good night, mummy," said I, and kissed her a little roughly, and lit and took my candle and went off at once up the staircase to bed-not looking back at her.

"I've kept some supper for you, dear."

"Don't want any supper."

"But, dearie-

"Good night, mother," and I went up and slammed my door upon her, blew out my candle and lay down at once upon my bed, and lay there a long time before I got up to undress.

There were times when that dumb beseeching of my mother's face irritated me unspeakably. It did so that night. I felt I had to struggle against it, that I could not exist if I gave way to its pleading, and it hurt me and divided me to resist it almost beyond endurance. It was clear to me that I had to think out for myself religious problems, social problems, questions of conduct, questions of expediency; that her poor dear simple beliefs could not help me at all-and she did not understand! Hers was the accepted religion, her only social ideas were blind submissions to the accepted order, to laws, to doctors, clergymen, lawyers, masters and all respectable persons in authority over us; and with her, to believe was to fear. She knew from a thousand little signs—though still at times I went to church with her-that I was passing out of touch of all these things that ruled her life, into some terrible unknown. From things I said she could infer such clumsy concealments as I made. She felt my socialism, felt my spirit in revolt against the accepted order, felt the impotent resentments that filled me with bitterness against all she held sacred. Yet, you know, it was not her dear gods she sought to defend so much as me! She seemed always to be wanting to say to me: "Dear, I know it's hard—but revolt is harder. Don't make war on it, dear—don't! Don't do anything to offend it. I'm sure it will hurt you if you do—it will

hurt you if you do."

She had been cowed into submission, as so many women of that time had been, by the sheer brutality of the accepted thing. The existing order dominated her into a worship of abject observances. It had bent her, aged her, robbed her of eyesight so that at fifty-five she peered through cheap spectacles at my face and saw it only dimly, filled her with a habit of anxiety, made her hands—— Her poor dear hands! Not in the whole world now could you find a woman with hands so grimy, so needleworn, so misshapen by toil, so chapped and coarsened, so evilly treated. . . . At any rate, there is this I can say for my-

At any rate, there is this I can say for myself, that my bitterness against the world and fortune was for her sake as well as for

my own.

Yet that night I pushed by her harshly. I answered her curtly, and left her concerned and perplexed in the passage, and

slammed my door upon her.

And for a long time I lay raging at the hardship and evil of life, at the contempt of Rawdon and the loveless coolness of Nettie's letter, at my weakness and insignificance, at the things I found intolerable and the things I could not mend. Over and over went my poor little brain, tired out and unable to stop on my treadmill of troubles. Nettie. Rawdon. My mother. Gabbitas. Nettie.

Suddenly I came upon emotional exhaustion. Some clock was striking midnight. After all, I was young; I had these quick transitions. I remember quite distinctly that I stood up abruptly, undressed very quickly in the dark, and had hardly touched my pillow again before I was

asleep.

But how my mother slept that night I do not know.

Oddly enough, I do not blame myself for behaving like this to my mother, though

my conscience blames me acutely for my arrogance to Parload. I regret my behavior to my mother before the days of Change. It is a scar among my memories that will always be a little painful to the end of my days; but I do not see how something of the son was to be escaped under those former conditions. In that time of muddle and obscurity, people were overtaken by needs and toil and hot passions before they had the chance of even a year or so of clear thinking; they settled down to an intense and strenuous application to some partial but immediate duty. and the growth of thought ceased in them. They set and hardened into narrow ways. Few women remained capable of a new idea after five-and-twenty, few men after thirty-one or -two. Discontent with the thing that existed was regarded as immoral. it was certainly an annovance; and the only protest against it, the only effort against that universal tendency in all human institutions to thicken and clog, to work loosely and badly, to rust and weaken toward catastrophes, came from the young, the crude, unmerciful young. That seemed in those days to thoughtful men the harsh law of our being, either that we must sub-mit to our elders and be stifled, or we must disregard them, disobey them, thrust them aside and make our little step of progress before we, too, ossified and became obstructive in our turn.

My pushing past my mother, my irresponsive departure to my own silent meditations, was, I now perceive, a figure of the whole hard relationship between parents and sons in those days. There appeared no other way; that perpetually recurring tragedy was, it seemed, part of the very nature of the progress of the world. We did not think then that minds might grow ripe without growing rigid, or children honor their parents and still think for themselves. We were angry and hasty because we stifled in darkness, in a poisoned and vitiated air. That deliberate animation of the intelligence which is now the universal quality, that vigor with consideration, that judgment with confident enterprise, which shine through all our world, were things disintegrated and unknown in the corrupting

atmosphere of our former state.

(So the first fascicle ended. I put it aside and looked for the second. "Well?" said the man who wrote.

"This is fiction?"

"It's my story."

"But you? Amidst this beauty—You are not this ill-conditioned, squalidly-bred lad of whom I have been reading?"

He smiled. "There intervenes a certain Change," he said. "Have I not hinted at that?"

I hesitated upon a question, then saw the second fascicle at hand and picked it up.)

CHAPTER THE SECOND-NETTIE

T



CANNOT now remember, the story resumed, what interval separated that evening on which Parload first showed me the comet—I think I only pretended to see it then—and the Sunday afternoon I spent at Checkshill.

Between the two there was time enough for me to give notice and leave Rawdon's, to seek for some other situation very strenuously in vain, to think and say many hard and violent things to my mother and to Parload, and to pass through some phases of very profound wretchedness. There must have been a passionate correspondence with Nettie, but all the froth and fury of that has faded now out of my memory. All I have clear now is that I wrote one magnificent farewell to her, casting her off forever, and getting in reply a prim little note to say that even if there was to be an end to everything, that was no excuse for writing such things as I had done; and then, I think. I wrote again in a vein I considered satirical. To this she did not reply. That interval was at least three weeks, and probably four, because the comet which had been on the first occasion only a dubious speck in the sky, certainly visible only when it was magnified, was now a great white presence, brighter than Jupiter, and casting a shadow on its own account. It was now actively present in the world of human thought, everyone was talking about it, everyone was looking for its waxing splendor as the sun went down; the papers, the musichalls, the hoardings, echoed it.

Yes, the comet was already dominant before I went over to make everything clear to Nettie. And Parload had spent two hoarded pounds in buying himself a spectroscope, so that he could see for himself, night after night, that mysterious, that stimulating line—the unknown line in the green. How many times, I wonder, did I look at the smudgy, quivering symbol of the unknown things that were rushing upon us out of the inhuman void, before I rebelled? But at last I could stand it no longer, and I reproached Parload very bitterly for wasting his time as an "astronomical dilettante."

"Here," said I, "we're on the verge of the biggest lockout in the history of this countryside; here's distress and hunger coming, here's all the capitalistic competitive system like a wound inflamed, and you spend your time gaping at that damned silly streak of nothing in the sky!"

Parload stared at me. "Yes, I do," he said, slowly, as though it was a new idea. "Don't I? . . . I wonder why."

"I" want to start meetings of an evening on Howden's Waste."

"You think they'd listen?"

"They'd listen fast enough now."

"They didn't before," said Parload, looking at his pet instrument.

"There was a demonstration of unemployed at Swathinglea on Sunday. They got to stone-throwing."

Parload said nothing for a little while, and I said several things. He seemed to be considering something.

"But, after all," he said at last, with an awkward movement toward his spectroscope, "that does signify something."

"The comet?"

"Yes."

"What can it signify? You don't want me to believe in astrology. What does it matter what flames in the heavens—when men are starving on earth?"

"It's-it's science."

"Science! What we want now is socialism—not science." He still seemed reluctant to give up his

"Socialism's all right," he said, "but if that thing up there were to hit the earth, it might matter."

"Nothing matters but human beings."

"Suppose it killed them all."

"Oh!" said I, "that's rot."
"I wonder," said Parload, dreadfully

divided in his allegiance.

He looked at the comet. He seemed on the verge of repeating his growing information about the nearness of the paths of earth and comet, and all that might ensue from that. So I cut in with something I had got out of a now forgotten writer called Ruskin, a volcano of beautiful language and nonsensical suggestions, who prevailed very greatly with eloquent, excitable young men in those days. Something it was about the insignificance of science and the supreme importance of life. Parload stood listening, half turned toward the sky, with the tips of his fingers on his spectroscope. He seemed to come to a sudden decision.

"No. I don't agree with you, Leadford," he said. "You don't understand

about science."

Parload rarely argued with that bluntness of opposition. I was so used to entire possession of our talk that his brief contradiction struck me like a blow. "Don't agree with me?" I repeated.

"No," said Parload.

"But how?"

"I believe science is of more importance than socialism," he said. "Socialism's a theory. Science—science is something more."

And that was really all he seemed to be able to say.

We embarked upon one of those queer arguments illiterate young men used always to find so heating. Science or socialism? It was, of course, like arguing which is right, left-handedness or a taste for onions—it was an altogether impossible opposition. But the range of my rhetoric enabled me at last to exasperate Parload, and his mere repudiation of my conclusions sufficed to exasperate me, and we ended in the key of a positive quarrel. 'Oh, very well!" said I. "So long as I know where we are!"

I slammed his door as though I dyna-

mited his house, and went raging down the street, but I felt he was already back at the window worshiping his blessed line in the green before I got round the corner.

I had to walk for an hour or so before I

was cool enough to go home.

And it was Parload had first introduced me to socialism!

Recreant!

The most extraordinary things used to run through my head in those wild days. I will confess that my mind ran persistently that evening upon revolutions after the best French pattern, and I sat on a committee of safety and tried backsliders. Parload was there, among the prisoners, backsliderissimus, aware too late of the error of his ways. His hands were tied behind his back ready for the shambles; through the open door one heard the voice of justice, the rude justice of the people. I was sorry, but I had to do my duty.

"If we punish those who would betray us to kings," said I, with a sorrowful deliberation, "how much the more must we punish those who would give over the state to the pursuit of useless knowledge," and so with a gloomy satisfaction sent him off

to the guillotine.

"Ah, Parload! Parload! If only you'd

listened to me earlier, Parload."

None the less, that quarrel made me extremely unhappy. Parload was my only gossip, and it cost me much to keep away from him and think evil of him with no one to listen to me, evening after evening.

That was a very miserable time for me, even before my last visit to Checkshill. My long unemployed hours hung heavily on my hands. I kept away from home all day, partly to support a fiction that I was sedulously seeking another situation, and partly to escape the persistent question in my mother's eyes. "Why did you quarrel with Mr. Rawdon? Why did you? Why do you keep on going about with a sullen face and risk offending it more?" I spent most of the morning in the newspaperroom of the public library, writing impossible applications for impossible posts. I remember that, among other things of that sort, I offered my services to a firm of private detectives, a sinister breed of traders upon base jealousies now happily vanished from the world; and wrote, a propos of an advertisement for "steved res," that I did not know what the duties of a stevedore

might be, but that I was apt and willing to learn. And in the afternoon and evenings I wandered through the strange lights and shadows of my native valley and hated all created things. Until my wanderings were checked by the discovery that I was wearing out my boots.

The stagnant, inconclusive malaria of that time!

I perceive I was an evil-tempered, ill-disposed youth with a great capacity for hatred; but—

There was an excuse for hate.

It was wrong of me to hate individualsto be rude, harsh and vindictive to this person or that-but indeed it would have been equally wrong to have taken the manifest offer life made me without resentment. I see now clearly and calmly, what I then felt obscurely and with an unbalanced intensity, that my conditions were intolerable. My work was tedious and laborious, and it took up an unreasonable proportion of my time; I was ill clothed, ill fed, ill housed, ill educated and ill trained: my will was suppressed and cramped to the pitch of torture; I had no reasonable pride in myself, and no reasonable chance of putting anything right. It was a life hardly worth living. large proportion of the people about had no better a lot, that many had a worse, does not affect these facts. It was a life in which contentment would have been disgraceful. If some of them were contented or resigned, so much the worse for everyone. No doubt it was hasty and foolish of me to throw up my situation, but everything was so obviously aimless and foolish in our social organization that I do not feel disposed to blame myself even for that, except in so far as it pained my mother and caused her anxiety.

Think of the one comprehensive fact of the lockout!

That year was a bad year, a year of world-wide economic disorganization. Through their want of intelligent direction, the great "trust" of American ironmasters, a gang of energetic, narrow-minded furnace-owners, had smelted far more iron than the whole world had any demand for. (In those days there existed no means of estimating any need of that sort beforehand.) They had done this without even consulting the ironmasters of any other country. During their period of activity

they had drawn into their employment a great number of workers, and had erected a huge productive plant. It is manifestly just that people who do headlong stupid things of this sort should suffer, but in the old days it was quite possible, it was customary, for the real blunderers in such disasters to shift nearly all the consequences of their incapacity. No one thought it wrong for a light-witted "captain of industry" who had led his workpeople into overproduction-into the disproportionate manufacture, that is to say, of some particular article-to abandon and dismiss them. Nor was there anything to prevent the sudden frantic underselling of some trade rival in order to surprise and destroy his trade, secure his customers for one's own distended needs, and shift a portion of one's punishment upon him. This operation of spasmodic underselling was known as "dumping." The American ironmasters were now dumping on the British market. The British employers were, of course, taking their loss out of their workpeople as much as possible, but in addition they were agitating for some legislation that would prevent-not stupid relative excess in production, but "dumping"-not the disease, but the consequences of the disease. The necessary knowledge to prevent either dumping or its cause, the uncorrelated production of commodities, did not exist, but this hardly weighed with them at all; and in response to their demands there had arisen a curious party of retaliatory-protectionists who combined vague proposals for spasmodic responses to these convulsive attacks from foreign manufacturers, with the very evident intention of achieving financial adventures. The dishonest and reckless element were, indeed, so evident in this movement as to add very greatly to the general atmosphere of distrust and insecurity, and in the recoil from the prospect of fiscal power in the hands of the class of men known as the "New Financiers" one heard frightened, old-fashioned statesmen asserting with passion that "dumping" didn't occur, or that it was a very charming sort of thing to happen. Nobody would face and handle the rather intricate truth of the business. The whole effect upon the mind of a cool observer was of a covey of unsubstantial jabbering minds drifting over a series of irrational economic cataclysms, prices and employment tumbled

about like towers in an earthquake, and amidst the shifting masses were the common workpeople going on with their lives as well as they could, suffering, perplexed, unorganized, and for anything but violent, fruitless protests, impotent. You cannot hope now to understand the infinite want of adjustment in the old order of things. At one time there were people dying of actual starvation in India while men were burning unsalable wheat in America. It sounds like the account of a particularly mad dream, does it not? It was a dream, a dream from which no one on earth expected an awakening.

To us youngsters with the positiveness, the rationalism, of youth, it seemed that the strikes and lockouts, the overproduction and misery, could not possibly result simply from ignorance and want of thought and feeling. We needed more dramatic factors than these mental fogs, these mere atmospheric devils. We fled therefore to that common refuge of the unhappy ignorant, a belief in callous, insensate plots—we called them "plots"—against the

poor.

You can still see how we figured it by looking up in any museum the caricatures of capital and labor that adorned the German and American socialistic papers of the old time.

II

I had cast Nettie off in an eloquent epistle, had really imagined the affair was over forever-"I've done with women," I said to Parload-and then there was silence for more than a week.

Before that week was over, I was wondering with a growing emotion what next

would happen between us.

I found myself thinking constantly of Nettie, picturing her—sometimes with stern satisfaction, sometimes with sympathetic remorse-mourning, regretting, realizing the absolute end that had come between At the bottom of my heart I no more believed that there was an end between us than that an end would come to the world. Had we not kissed each other, had we not achieved an atmosphere of whispering nearness? Of course she was mine, of course I was hers, and separations and final quarrels and harshness and distance were no more than flourishes upon that eternal

fact. So at least I felt the thing, however I shaped my thought!

Whenever my imagination got to work as that week drew to its close, she came in as a matter of course: I thought of her recurrently all day and dreamed of her at night. On Saturday night I dreamed of her very vividly. In the morning I had

a raging thirst to see her.

That Sunday, my mother wanted me to go to church very particularly. She had a double reason for that; she thought that it would certainly exercise a favorable influence upon my search for a situation throughout the next week, and in addition Mr. Gabbitas, with a certain mystery behind his glasses, had promised to see what he could do for me, and she wanted to keep him up to that promise. I half consented, and then my desire for Nettie took hold of me. I told my mother I wasn't going to church, and set off about eleven to walk the seventeen miles to Checkshill.

I got some bread and cheese at a little inn upon the way, and was in Checkshill park somewhere about four. I did not go by the road past the house and so round to the gardens, but cut over the crest beyond the second keeper's cottage, along a path Nettie used to call her own. It was a mere deer-track. It led up a miniature valley and through a pretty dell in which we had been accustomed to meet, and so through the hollies and along a narrow path close by the wall of the shrubbery to the gardens.

In my memory, that walk through the park before I came upon Nettie stands out very vividly. The long tramp before it is foreshortened to a mere effect of dusty road and painful boot, but the bracken valley and a sudden tumult of doubts and unwonted expectations that came to me, stands out now as something significant, as something unforgettable, something essential to the meaning of all that followed. Where should I meet her? What would she say? I had asked these questions before and found an answer. Now they came again, with a trail of fresh implications, and I had no answer for them at all.' As I approached Nettie, she ceased to be the mere butt of my egotistical selfprojection, the custodian of my sexual pride, and drew together and became over and above this a personality of her own, a personality and a mystery, a sphinx I had evaded only to meet again.

I find a little difficulty in describing the quality of the old-world lovemaking so that

it may be understandable now.

We young people had practically no preparation at all for the stir and emotions of adolescence. Toward the young the world maintained a conspiracy of stimulating silences. There came no initiation. There were books, stories of a curiously conventional kind that insisted on certain qualities in every love-affair and greatly intensified one's natural desire for themperfect trust, perfect loyalty, lifelong devotion. Much of the complex essentials of love was altogether hidden. dual system always in the old theory-a linking up that closed you both from almost all other intercourse. One read these things, got accidental glimpses of this and that, wondered and forgot, and so one grew. Then strange emotions, novel alarming desires, dreams strangely charged with feeling, an inexplicable impulse of self-abandonment toward fine and pleasant strangers, began to trickle queerly amongst the familiar and purely egotistical and materialistic feelings of boyhood and girlhood. We were like misguided travelers who had camped in the dry bed of a tropical river. Presently we were knee-deep and neck-deep in the flood. Our beings were suddenly going out from ourselves seeking the intimate being of others—we knew not why. This novel craving for abandonment to other personalities, and especially to them of the other sex, bore us away. We were ashamed, and full of desire. We kept the thing a guilty secret, and were resolved to satisfy it against all the world. In this state it was we drifted in the most accidental way against some other blindly seeking creature, and linked like nascent

We were obsessed by the books we read, by all the talk that drifted about us teaching us that once we had linked ourselves we were linked for life. Then afterward we discovered that other to whom we were linked was also an egotism, an individual thing of ideas and impulses.

So it was, I say, with the young of my class and most of the young people in our world. So it came about that I sought Nettie on the Sunday afternoon, and suddenly came upon her, light-bodied, slen-

derly feminine, hazel-eyed, with her soft,

sweet young face under the shady brim of her hat of straw, the pretty Venus I had resolved should be wholly mine.

There, all unaware of me still, she stood, my essential feminine, the embodiment of the inner thing in life for me—and moreover an unknown other, a person like myself

She held a little book in her hand, open as if she were walking along and reading it. That chanced to be her pose, but indeed she was standing quite still, looking away toward the gray and lichenous shrubbery wall and, as I think now, listening.

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I recall with a vivid precision her queer start when she heard the rustle of my approaching feet, her surprise, her eyes almost of dismay for me. I could recollect, I believe, every significant word she spoke during our meeting, and most of what I said to her. At least, it seems I could, though indeed I may deceive my-self. But I will not make the attempt. We were both too ill educated to speak our full meanings, we stamped out our intention with clumsy, stereotyped phrases; you who are better taught would fail to catch our intention. The effect would be inanity. But our first words I may give you, because, though they conveyed nothing to me at the time, afterward they meant much.

"You, Willie!" she said.

"I have come," I said—forgetting in the instant all the elaborate things I had intended to say. "I thought I would surprise you—."

"Surprise me?"

"Yes."

She stared at me for a moment. I can see her pretty face now as it looked at me—her impenetrable dear face. She laughed a queer little laugh, and her color went for a moment, and then, so soon as she had spoken, came back again.

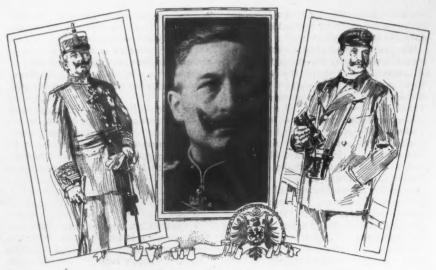
"Surprise me at what?" she said, with a

rising note.

I was too intent to explain myself, to think of what might lie in that.

"I wanted to tell you," I said, "that I didn't mean quite—the things I put in my letter."

(To be continued)



WILLIAM II, EMPEROR OF GERMANY

Germanizing the World

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL



HE battle of Sedan was a great though high-priced boon to France, for thereby France was rid of a grotesque and odious tyranny and for such a release any defeat would be a victory. But to the rest of the world Sedan meant far more than it meant to France, far more than

Waterloo or any other European battle. Compared with Sedan, Waterloo was nothing. Everything that Waterloo settled was undone again in fifteen years or so. Of all its blood-bought trophies only the tomb of Napoleon remained. But every year since Sedan the results of those two abattoir days have grown greater. The political and geographical mutations that history, its eyes to the ground, is most busied with are worth little. Sedan changed some boundary lines of no great importance, with which history makes much ado, and it let loose upon the world a tremendous force now felt in every quarter of it, and of that force history so far says not a word.

The real supremacy in this world is commercial and nothing else. The long purse carries further than the big gun. soldier wears the gaudy colors, makes the loud noise and stands in the limelight, but in the wings is always the merchant holding the string that pulls the war puppets hither and thither. The bravest soldiers and the ablest generals see all the fruits of their victories swept away when the bankers say that the war-game has gone far enough. What is won on the field at Mukden is lost in the conference at Portsmouth, and always hereafter it will be so. Money is the only real force; armies amount to nothing except for the purpose of the grand stand and the parade ground.

Now so long as the kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms and two-by-four states of North Germany were separate, jealous entities, kept busy in warring (commercially) against one another, the rest of the world was safe (commercially). The tireless German energy was engaged in feeding upon its own vitals. Sedan united the factions, the weapons (commercial) that Germany

had used against itself were turned unitedly (in commerce) against the rest of the world, and now, not to put too fine a point on it, we are face to face with a new Gothic invasion.

Glimpses of this fact you get easily from the international trade statistics wherein is set forth year by year the bewildering spread of German commerce, but to understand the full significance of what is afoot you

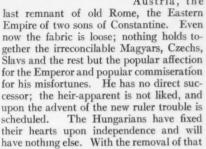
must go to North Germany and learn there what men are talking about and guess what they think and feel. In the strangely silent streets of Berlin, for instance, observe these long lines of grave, determined, pur-poseful faces, always intent on a far-away horizon line; or in the Berlin cafés where nobody laughs and where the deliberate conversation is all about "Deutschthum," German growth and the Colonies, and there you will have real impression of the

real power at work behind the scenes. The North German race is possessed of a mania; it is in the grasp of one absorbing idea. "Deutschland über Alles" says the motto. In these days that means the commercial supremacy and dominance of Germany around the world.

The idea is calculated to startle a complacent American and very likely make him smile. Behind the Atlantic we have not so regarded our German friend. We have never, for instance, thought of German as the eventual world-language, nor of a universal German influence, nor of Germany as the dominating world-power, nor of Germany as a mighty commercial empire to whose sway the strength of Rome was inconsiderable. These things are likely to seem preposterous to persons outside of Germany. To the thoughtful German they are not in the least preposterous; they are the manifest intentions of destiny. To

believe in them fervently is part of his religion; to labor for them is part of his daily life.

To the patriotic North German the present German Empire seems only the nucleus around which will inevitably and shortly gather the units of the greater Germany to be. Observe that after all the idea is not so unreasonable and the very stars seem to fight for it. For instance, all Europe knows that the death of Emperor Franz Joseph will be the signal for the breaking up of Austria, the





BERNHARD VON BÜLOW, CHANCELLOR OF THE GERMAN

keystone the arch falls, inevitably, and from the fragments the North Germans expect to gather at once Bohemia, Austria

proper and the Tyrol.

Why not? These countries must go somewhere; they cannot drift on alone. The trend of progress is wholly against small nations, wholly accretive and solidifying. Except Bohemia, the countries here involved are naturally German: therefore their inevitable place is in the German Em-

pire.

Moreover, close about the borders of Germany are other states essentially German in population and thought. Holland, for instance. The law of evolution is the development of what is necessary for the survival of the stronger organism. Holland has magnificent sea ports adjacent to the Atlantic and Germany needs them; Holland is almost German now: in time, then, manifest destiny will draw it into the confederation. In the evil days of Napoleon the Little, Prussia and France were parties to a solemn treaty upholding and guaranteeing the integrity and independence of Belgium. After the Franco-Prussian war the world learned that a few years before Bismarck and Louis Napoleon had made a secret compact to violate this treaty and execute a joint movement by which France was to seize Belgium, and Prussia was to get Holland. Nothing but the dispute about the Spanish succession seems to have prevented the carrying out of this pious design.

And this is not all. Denmark is as naturally German as Holland is, and in time, according to the German view, must go the same way. In this world is no place for little peoples and small nations. And above all, there is Switzerland. Every little while some member of the German Reichstag makes a speech denouncing Switzerland as the too handy refuge for persons accused of lese-majesty and the like horrible crimes, and calling upon the imperial government to suppress the obnoxious republic. Socialists protest, but otherwise the general imperialistic view is that Switzerland as a republic cannot be allowed much longer to exist. Since England set the fashion in the South African war, the feeling in monarchial Europe has been against republics as unnecessary hotbeds of democratic and socialistic ideas, both, of course, hostile to the theory of imperialistic dominion. In Switzerland are now 3,300,000 people of

whom seventy-five per cent. are of Teutonic blood and have German for their mother-tongue. Hence the North German sees plainly the future of Switzerland as a province in the coming German Empire. Some persons, knowing well the temper of the Swiss people, believe that first it will be necessary to depopulate the country; but the German answer to this is the natural force of development which is driving the nations together as surely as it is indicating the dominance of the most resolute and hardy.

And what will the rest of Europe be doing while thus the new German Empire is being formed? There are the Balance of Power, and the European Concert, and all the rest of it; the Dreibund and the Zweibund and the Entente Cordiale; and what of

all these?

According to the German idea of things the rest of Europe will have no more to say about the forming of the new than it had to say about the forming of the present German Empire. If Austria shall conclude to join the Great German Confederation, that will be nobody's business. If Holland determine to follow the example of Bavaria, of what concern will that be to the rest of the world? Nobody interfered when Bavaria came in. If Denmark be induced to give up a precarious and costly independence for a place in the German procession, who shall deny her the right? Sooner or later, according to the imperialistic idea, the roller is to go over all the smaller nations; they are doomed to obliteration, anyway, like small tradesmen before a department store or small manufacturers before a trust. The power of concentration is too great. They must be drawn into something, and these being German they will go with the rest of the Germans, particularly since the rest of the Germans are fired with the Bismarckian inspiration of German unity and rule.

In the remote possibility of any forcible interference with this pleasant plan the interfering nation would have ample employment provided for it. There are fifty-six million people in the present German Empire, excluding colonies, dependencies and so forth. With only the addition of Austria proper they would probably be too strong for any practical and forcible movement against them, supposing any nation to be foolish enough to think the cause worth

making a row about. To be sure the nations have at times stepped in to prevent certain disturbance of the Balance. They would not let Russia gain what she had won from Turkey and they have repeatedly interfered

about the Balkan states. But they allowed Germany to annex Alsace and Lorraine and with that they set all the precedent that Germany needs. Moreover, to interfere about an upheaval in the Balkans is a very different thing from interfering about the voluntary coalescence of two nations. Who shall have the right to forbid that?

Persons outside of Germany are likely to regard all this as a mere dream of the too fervent German mind. I am not so sure of it. If it be a dream it is a dream followed steadily and most intelligently by the German rulers. In wellconsidered, definitely planned, undeviating, relentless but peaceful aggression the rest of the world seems asleep in comparison with the German government. No man can mention an instance in the last thirty-five years in which they have been worsted. They have got everything they have started for. In diplomacy they have outgeneralled everybody. They wanted the fattest slice of Samoa and they got it; they wanted Southwest Africa and they got it; they wanted the Carolines

and they got them; they want Morocco and you can see easily enough that they will get it. They are persistent, tireless, indefatigable, always at it, pushing German goods here, German ships there, German influence everywhere; getting a piece of land in one part of the globe and an island in another, mad with the mania of extending "Deutschthum," the dominating power of the Fatherland. It is strange but true. In politics and diplomacy or in trade and com-

merce they work with the same inspiration to the same end. have seen them here at our doors steadily elbowing the British from the North Atlantic carrying trade, steam and sail. Look over the lists any day and see the number of German steamers that enter the port of New York now and think back to the days when the German flag was rare in our harbors. Is it not amazing? And what they have done in a small way here they have done in a great way around the globe. Look at a map of one of their steamship lines. They send vessels to every maritime country. They go into Southampton and take the cream of the Eastern trade from under the very faces of the British. They go to India and Australia and crowd the British out of their own markets. England itself they flood with goods, they force themselves into the English colonies, they have steamship lines to Montreal and Melbourne, they drive into Calcutta and Bombay, they have huge settlements in South America, they get the fat concessions in Turkey and Argentina.



DIRECTOR-GENERAL BALLIN, OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY—ONE OF THE MEN FOREMOST IN GERMANIZING THE WORLD

And at the head of all is the German government urging, encouraging, advising, pushing.

Not many years ago we used to draw the greater part of our immigration from Germany. Very few Germans emigrate now.

They have too much to do at home. You can hardly find a considerable German town that cannot show a new factory or an old one enlarged. The prosperity of the country seems boundless and has a novel kind of patriotic inspiration; it is not alone to make money but to spread Germanism that the merchants strive and dare. Every enterprise that carries German influence abroad can count on the German government's intelligent support. The kaiser studies and watches the trade statistics and gives to the movement all the enthusiasm of his sanguine temperament and restless mind. In a country where the divinity of kings is no mere lingering mediæval fiction but a vital principle of faith with the great majority of the people, the ruler has limitless power to achieve these things. I know of nothing that gives a better view of the essentially contradictory and irrational nature of human life than that the most absurd of superstitions should become an efficient factor in practical affairs. The kaiser has only to intimate a wish that a German firm, corporation, steamship company, undertake this work or that for the advancement of the German cause, and the thing is done. The kaiser wishes it, that is enough for the average German to know. Herr Krupp, the great gun-maker, was cordially invited to send an exhibit to the Chicago World's Fair. He politely and reasonably begged to be excused. He said he could not possibly expect to sell any guns in America and the expense of an exhibit would be enormous. Not long afterwards the kaiser visited the Essen gun works and asked Herr Krupp if he intended to exhibit at Chicago.

"No, your Majesty," said Herr Krupp, and deferentially explained why it would

not be to his advantage.

"It seems to me," said the kaiser, "that if I were in your place I should exhibit."

That was all. The same day Krupp countermanded his refusal and began to prepare a display. It was so big that special cars had to be built to transport it. The whole nation (Socialists excepted) is as pliable as Herr Krupp. It is related as an actual fact that when the kaiser in an address to a commercial body once urged his people for commercial reasons to learn English, the book-stores could not supply the demand that sprang up for English text books.

German unity, German commerce and

the spread of German ideas are the chief business of this kaiser. The extension of German commerce is substantially and almost daily indebted to his paternal interference. He watches the returns and sees or hears of a place where it is possible to get in a German wedge. If left to themselves the German merchants would not undertake the trade, the German steamships would not enter the port; they are busy elsewhere and the venture does not promise The kaiser intimates: the mermuch. chants or the steamship company first do obeisance and then go forth to carry out the imperial wish if it shall mean ruin. kaiser watches the national trade figures as if they represented his private fortune. He knows that the best way to get the nose of the German camel under the world's tent is to have the beast led by a merchant. Trade may follow the flag or the flag may follow trade; I do not know which. But one thing is sure enough: German influence follows German commerce. The clever German government sees to that. First comes a German steamship carrying German goods. then a German house sets up a branch, then other German houses come in, then there is a German consul in that part and in ten years the place is saturated with Teutonism. It has been so all about South America, the East, the South Seas and elsewhere. It will be so more and more from this time on.

These people never know when they are beaten, never stop planning and striving. France wanted Morocco and there were strong international reasons why French influence should be allowed to dominate North Africa. France has shown by far the greatest skill and success in dealing with African peoples of all kinds; her African colonies are the best in the world; she has smoothly reduced Algiers and Tunis to order and prosperity and could doubtless deal as well with boiling and troublesome Morocco. Germany also wanted Morocco. There was a clash, in which trouble was averted by an agreement to leave all the issues involved to the decision of a conference. France immediately ceased her advance pending the conference. Germany ceased nothing. She drove steadily forward, strengthening her position and extending her lines. No armistice could restrain her when there was land in sight. The conclusion of peace between Japan and Russia was a temporary obstacle because it released France's ally to interfere in European affairs, but with native cleverness the German word even this apparent reverse advantage. "Treaties are made to bind the weaker party," said a cynic observer long ago. By the time the Morocco conference is ready to decide there will be

post at night, attacked it without cause or warning, and drove off the garrison, killing four men and wounding three. The Germans say that this is not so, but on the contrary, while they were peacefully reposing in their own quarters, seven fierce and gigantic Frenchmen sprang upon them in



GERHART HAUPTMANN, ONE OF THE LEADING SPIRITS OF MODERN
GERMAN LITERATURE

nothing to decide about: Morocco will be, for Germany's purposes, germanized.

For instance: the French and Germans come together in the Congo. The French had a post there, Missum-Missum, that was highly regarded by the representatives of both nations. One night last May there was a fight at Missum-Missum. The accounts are irreconcilable. The French say that a German force came down upon the

the dark and it was necessary in self-defense to kill or disable the assailants. Which version may be authentic no one in Europe knows; but the fact is clear that the Germans got the post, possibly in self-defense, that they have it now, and that they will continue to have it when all the negotiations and splutterings have been forgotten.

The men that are steering the German destiny are very wise. I doubt if history

shows a better adaptation of all means to one great end. Among acute observers now it is customary to credit the Chancellor von Bülow with the creating and skillful using of the machinery, but it should be remembered that chancellors come and go and the mighty purpose remains and dominates the Back of the chancellor is the kaiser, always, and he is as much the real inspiration of the movement as any one man may be said to be when it is remembered how accurately the movement reflects the German sentiment. The kaiser embodies the German hope and faith, and sitting where an elevated view embraces the whole field of German activities he is able to see the best places for attack. But the men about him are also wise. It has not escaped their attention that in these days the real government is the world's opinion and that the world's opinion is formed by the world's newspapers. They know that as well as anybody knows it. The press in Germany they can look after with ease, not merely because the press privileges there are very narrowly restricted by law, but what is much more to the purpose, because of an expertly directed influence exerted over the columns of every German newspaper. Intelligent observers have often marveled at the way the English press is controlled to further the ends of England's international interests no matter which party may be in power. For example, the government having concluded that it is for the best interests of England to frighten Germany by affecting a partiality for France, the entire press, Liberal, Conservative, Radical and Socialistic, breaks out into elaborate eulogies of France and the French; those that on such an occasion as the Dreyfus trial, for instance, had exhibited the most violent hatred for everything French, being now the most eloquent and fervent in chanting praises. But the German government can beat such an achievement and not half try.

The British press, it must be admitted, is not skillful about these things. Too often the praise sounds forced, the welcome has a false ring. The German government can influence the German press to say things in a way that carries conviction. That is because the editors scarcely suspect that they are being led, which is, after all, the highest art of leadership. In such a case as the Morocco controversy, for instance, the rapid subsidence of the tone of German

newspaper comment from truculent to urbane was affected in tracty-four hours and without once reveal the strings that were pulled or the hand that punctifhem.

Moreover the British government can, as a rule, influence only the newspapers in Great Britain; the German plan is to influence the newspapers of the world so far as German affairs and interests are concerned. This seems at first thought a merely grotesque fantasy; in reality it is not fantastic nor even difficult. The center for German news is Berlin. The news that is sent out from Berlin flows through certain welldefined and recognized channels. Five or six news bureaus supply the bulk of the correspondence for all the newspapers of the world. Of all the despatches or letters from Berlin printed day by day in all the countries of the world, from end to end and in every language, nine-tenths are furnished by these news bureaus. A despatch written by one man and sent out of Berlin by a bureau to-night is to-morrow printed in practically every newspaper in Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand. It has been translated into French and appears simultaneously in every French newspaper. It is to be seen in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Rumania, Russia, Siberia, Japan, Hong Kong. People in San Francisco are reading it eight hours after it has been discussed and digested in every café of Vienna. It goes to South America and India; it is published wherever newspapers are read. The man that writes it has an audience of untold millions. With one sentence he can influence the opinions or arouse the resentment of the world. Nobody knows who he is or where he got his information, nor by what subtle means his writing may have been colored. There is his work in sober convincing black and white before the world. Apparently it tells only the admitted and unquestionable truth. No man stops to question it nor to examine it too curiously. On the basis of that despatch and not on what any editor may say to refute or mitigate it, the world makes up its mind as to the matter with which the despatch deals. And in the history of mankind there has been no such power as this.

A war for a cause thoroughly understood and condemned by the world's opinion is an impossibility; no nation could persist in it. To have any chance to win, a nation must be able to make out some kind of a



MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, ONE OF THE LEADING SPIRITS OF MODERN JOURNALISM IN THE GERMAN EMPIRE.



ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST MEN IN GERMANY TO-DAY

justifiable case. On the strength of Bismarck's Ems despatch all the world sympathized with Prussia in 1870; on the basis of a total misconception of the issues at stake the world allowed Great Britain to

obliterate the South African republics; on its understanding of the causes of the war in the East the world has been with Japan and against Russia. The mere knowledge that the world can now see every movement and watch every battle, and that it is wholly against any army, would turn that army into a disheartened and beaten mob. No nation could stand against the scorn and denunciation of the world's press. The thing could not be done; even Russia could not do it.

The news despatch, wisely conducted, is, therefore, the strongest weapon of the modern government, and in its use of this weapon the German administration has shown all others to be children. The English have the mere rudiments of the art; the

French and we know nought of the matter. It is not merely in international politics that the German government finds in the press its greatest instrument; in the limitless fields of German influence and German commerce the press plays a mighty part for Germany. In Berlin is the greatest, the most complete and the best managed press - reading and clipping bureau in the world-run by and for the German government. There is not anywhere around the world a conspicuous publication affecting in any



AUGUST BEBEL, LEADER OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY
IN GERMANY

way the interests of Germany that does not find its way to this pureau. The great newspapers of all languages are watched incessantly and every correspondent in Berlin is rated according to his disposition towards the German plan. A simple but tremendous force is brought to bear to discourage hostility and what the government The value regards as misrepresentation. to his newspaper of any correspondent lies in his facile access to the sources of views. A hostile or critical correspondent finds the avenues of information gently but firmly closed against him. So quietly is this done that the unfortunate man is slow to believe that he is really boycotted, and so effectively that he can get nothing he wants. He is, in fact, marooned; he might as well be on a desert island. But for the astute correspondents that never offend and never tell what they should keep quiet, life in Berlin is made easy and the path straight. Sometimes a newspaper, say in London, prints an objectionable letter or telegram from Berlin and obtains it from some other source than its regular correspondent. such a case apparently disinterested inquiries are made. The correspondent clears himself, and all is well, for the system is conducted with perfect fairness. Once or twice a careless or youthful correspondent has undertaken to deny the authorship of his own work and woe has been his portion for his indiscretion. In Germany the government operates the telegraph; it can easily discover who sent any particular message in which it is interested.

The system is ingenious, elaborate, ably conducted and most useful. It amounts to a censorship without the name or appearance of that odious institution, and in another way it is far better than any censorship could be because it is inspirational and creative, it is positive not merely negative, it avoids the unpleasant and spreads the agreeable. For instance, when the kaiser went north last summer his objects were to look over Denmark (in which German influence is now to be supreme) and to prevent Norway from becoming a republic. kaiser, for various reasons, does not approve of the republican form of government. It

was really his suggestion that King Oscar of Sweden should reverse the becision not to allow a prince of his house to scept the crown of Norway. The contemporaneous publication of these matters would have been extremely undesirable in the eyes of the German government. They might have been published around the world. But

they were not.

Or, to look further, the German government prefers that little shall be printed about the German navy and that that little shall not be commendatory. Persistently it fosters, the notion that the German navy is a poor thing, lagging far at the heels of other navies. As a matter of fact, man for man and ship for ship, it is one of the very best navies afloat, but the world in general does not suspect the fact and the German government is satisfied with the world's ignorance in this respect. The newspapers say so little about the navy of Germany, about the new ships and the preparations and maneuvers, that when there is some demonstration like that at Kiel last summer, the unprepared spectator learns with a shock that here is a sea power surely to be reckoned with. Readers of Zola will remember his picture of Bismarck at the Paris Exposition of 1867, going about always with a vacant smile and careless mien, while he was incessantly taking minute note of the weakness of France. Observe then that no part of the lesson of Bismarck's life has been lost on the German imperialists. To achieve and forever achieve, to study and plan, to wait and at the right moment to move with intelligence and gathered resources, and meantime to keep counsel and to make no sign, is the soul of German policy. It is the theory and ideals of Bismarck changed only to meet modern conditions; what Bismarck and Von Moltke did with soldiers and guns the German imperialists of to-day expect to do with the peaceful arts of diplomacy and of business. Deutschland über Alles! And only one cloud on the German horizon. That is the steady preaching of the growing Socialist element that conquest and dominion and aggrandizement are not after all the chief end of man.





R. WRAGG sat in a highbacked windsor-chair at the door of his house, smoking. Before him the road descended steeply to the harbor, a small blue patch of which was visible from his door. Children over five were at school; children under that age, and sus-

piciously large for their years, played about in careless disregard of the remarks which Mr. Wragg occasionally launched at them. Twice a ball had whizzed past him; and a small but select party with a tipcat of huge dimensions and awesome points played just out of reach. Mr. Wragg, snapping his eyes nervously, threatened in vain.

"Morning, old crusty-patch," said a cheerful voice at his elbow.

Mr. Wragg glanced up at the young fisherman towering above him, and eyed him disdainfully.

"Why don't you leave 'em alone?" inquired the young man. "Be cheerful, and smile at 'em. You'd soon be able to smile with a little practice.'' "You mind your business, George Gale, and I'll mind mine," said Mr. Wragg fiercely. "I've 'ad enough of your impudence, and I'm not going to have much more. And don't lean up against my wall, cos I won't 'ave it."

Mr. Gale laughed. "Got out o' bed the wrong side again, haven't you?" he inquired. "Why don't you put that side up against the wall?"

Mr. Wragg puffed in silence and became absorbed in a fishing-boat gliding past at the bottom of the hill.

"I hear you've got a niece coming to live with you," pursued the young man.

Mr. Wragg smoked on.

"Poor thing," said the other, with a sigh. "Does she take after you—in looks, I mean?"

"If I was twenty years younger nor I am," said Mr. Wragg sententiously, "I'd give you a hiding, George Gale."

"It's what I want," agreed Mr. Gale placidly. "Well, so long, Mr. Wragg. I can't stand talking to you all day."

He was about to move off, after pretending to pinch the ear of the infuriated Mr.

Wragg, when he noticed a station fly with a big trunk on the box-seat crawling slowly up the hill toward them.

"Good riddance," said Mr. Wragg sug-

gestively.

The other paid no heed. The vehicle came nearer, and a girl, who plainly owed none of her looks to Mr. Wragg's side of the family, came into view behind the trunk. She waved her hand, and Mr. Wragg, removing his pipe from his mouth, waved it in return. Mr. Gale edged away about eighteen inches, and, with an air of assumed carelessness, gazed idly about

He saluted the driver as the fly stopped, and gazed hard at the apparition that descended. Then he caught his breath as the girl, approaching her uncle, kissed him affectionately. Mr. Wragg, looking up fiercely at Mr. Gale, was surprised at the expression on that gentleman's face.

"Isn't it lovely here?" said the girl, looking about her; "and isn't the air

She followed Mr. Wragg inside, and the driver, a small man and elderly, began tugging at the huge trunk. Mr. Gale's moment had arrived.

"Stand away, Joe," he said, stepping forward. "I'll take that in for you.

He hoisted the trunk on his shoulders, and, rather glad of his lowered face, advanced slowly into the house. Uncle and niece had just vanished at the head of the stairs, and Mr. Gale, after a moment's hesitation, followed.

"In 'ere," said Mr. Wragg, throwing open a door. "Halloa! What are you doing in my house? Put it down. Put

it down at once, d'ye hear?"

Mr. Gale caught the girl's surprised glance, and, somewhat flustered, swung round so suddenly that the corner of the trunk took the gesticulating Mr. Wragg by the side of the head, and bumped it against the wall. Deaf to his outcries, Mr. Gale entered the room, and placed the box on the floor.

"Where shall I put it?" he inquired of

the girl respectfully.

"You go out of my house," stormed Mr. Wragg, entering with his hand to his head. "Go on. Out you go."

The young man surveyed him with solicitude. "I'm very sorry if I hurt you, Mr. Wragg--" he began.

"Out you go," repeated the other. "It was a pure accident," pleaded Mr.

"And don't you set foot in my 'ouse agin," said the vengeful Mr. Wragg. "You made yourself officious bringing that box in a purpose to give me a clump o' the side of the head."

Mr. Gale denied the charge so eagerly. and withal so politely, that the elder man regarded him with amazement. Then his glance fell on his niece, and he smiled with sudden malice as Mr. Gale slowly and humbly descended the stairs.

"One o' the worst chaps about here, my dear," he said loudly; "mate o' one o' the fishing-boats, and as impudent as they make 'em. Many's the time I've clouted his head for 'im."

The girl regarded his small figure with

surprised respect.

to his opinions.

When he was a boy, I mean," continued Mr. Wragg. "Now there's your room, and when you've put things to rights, come down and I'll show you over the house."

He glanced at his niece several times during the day, trying hard to trace a likeness, first to his dead sister, and then to himself. Several times he scrutinized himself in the small glass on the mantelpiece, but in vain. Even when he twisted his thin beard in his hand and tried to ignore his mustache, the likeness still eluded him.

His opinion of Miss Miller's looks was more than shared by the young men of Waterside. It was a busy youth who could not spare five minutes to chat with an uncle so fortunate, and in less than a couple of weeks Mr. Wragg was astonished at his popularity and the deference accorded

The most humble of them all was Mr. Gale, and, with a pertinacity which was almost proof against insult, he strove to force his company upon the indignant Mr. Wragg. Debarred from that, he took to haunting the road, on one occasion passing the house no less than fifty-seven times in an afternoon. His infatuation was plain to be seen of all men. Wise men closed their eyes to it; others had theirs closed for them, Mr. Gale being naturally incensed to think that there was anything in his behavior that attracted attention.

His father was at sea, and to the dismay of the old woman who kept house for him, he began to neglect his food. A melancholy but not unpleasing idea that he was slowly fading occurred to him when he found that he could eat only two herrings for breakfast instead of four. His particular friend, Ioe Harris, to whom he confided the fact, remonstrated hotly.

stealing the cat's milk. Why don't you go round and see her one afternoon when old Wragg is out?"

Mr. Gale shivered. "I dursen't," he confessed.

Mr. Harris pondered. "She was going to be a hospital nurse afore she came down



Drawn by Will Owen

THE CORNER OF THE TRUNK TOOK THE GESTICULATING MR. WRAGG BY THE SIDE OF THE HEAD

"There's plenty of other girls," he sug-

"Not like her," said Mr. Gale.

"You're getting to be a by-word in the

place," complained his friend.

Mr. Gale flushed. "I'd do more than that for her sake," he said softly.

"It ain't the way," said Mr. Harris impatiently. "Girls like a man o' spirit, not a chap who hangs about without speaking, and looks as though he has been caught here," he said slowly. "P'raps if you was to break your leg or something, she'd come and nurse you. She's wonderful fond of

"You've got a bicycle," said Mr. Harris.
"You—wait a minute"—he half closed his eyes and waved aside a remark of his friend's. "Suppose you 'ad an accident and fell off it just in front of the house."

"I never fall off," said Mr. Gale simply, "Old Wragg is out, and me and Charlie Brown carry you into the house," continued Mr. Harris, closing his eyes entirely. "When you come to your senses, she's bending over you and crying."

He opened his eyes suddenly and then, closing one, gazed hard at the bewildered Gale. "To-morrow afternoon at two?" he said briskly. "Me and Charlie'll be

there waiting.

"Suppose old Wragg ain't out!" objected Mr. Gale, after two minutes' ex-

"He's at the Lobster Pot five days out of six at that time," was the reply. "If he ain't there to-morrow, it can't be helped."

Mr. Gale spent the evening practicing falls in a quiet lane, and by the time night came had attained to such proficiency that on the way home he fell off without intending it. It seemed an easier thing than he had imagined, and next day at two o'clock punctually he put his lessons into practice.

By a slight error in judgment, his head came into contact with Mr. Wragg's doorstep, and, half stunned, he was about to rise, when Mr. Harris rushed up and forced him down again. Mr. Brown, who was also in attendance, helped to restore his faculties by a well-placed kick.

"He's lost his senses," said Mr. Harris, looking up at Miss Miller as she came to

the door.

"You could ha' heard him fall arf a mile away," added Mr. Brown.

Miss Miller stooped and examined the victim carefully.

There was a nasty cut on the side of his head, and a general limpness of body which was alarming. She went indoors for some water, and by the time she returned, the enterprising Mr. Harris had got the patient into the passage.

"I'm afraid he's going," he said, in

answer to the girl's glance.

"Run for the doctor," she said hastily. "Quick."

"We don't like to leave 'im, miss," said Mr. Harris tenderly. "I s'pose it would be loo much to ask you to go."

Miss Miller, with a parting glance at the prostrate man, departed at once.

"What did you do that for?" demanded Mr. Gale, sitting up. "I don't want the doctor; he'll spoil everything. Why didn't you go away and leave us?'

"I sent 'er for the doctor," said Mr. Harris slowly. "I sent 'er for the doctor. so as we can get you to bed afore she comes back."

"Bed?" exclaimed Mr. Gale.

"Up you go," said Mr. Harris briefly. "We'll tell her we carried you up. Now don't waste time."

Pushed by his friends and stopping to expostulate at every step, Mr. Gale was driven at last into Mr. Wragg's bedroom. "Off with your clothes," said the lead-

ing spirit.
"What's the matter with you, Charlie

Brown?"

"Don't mind me; I'll be all right in a minute," said that gentleman, wiping his eyes. "I'm thinking of old Wragg."

Before Mr. Gale had made up his mind, his coat and waistcoat were off, and Mr. Brown was at work on his boots. In five minutes' time he was tucked up in Mr. Wragg's bed; his clothes were in a neat little pile in a chair, and Messrs. Harris and Brown were indulging in a congratulatory double shuffle by the window.

"Don't come to your senses yet awhile," said the former; "and when you do, tell the doctor you can't move your limbs."

"If they try to pull you out o' bed," said Mr. Brown, "scream as though you were being killed. Hsh! Here they are."

Voices sounded below; Miss Miller and the doctor had met at the door with Mr. Wragg, and a violent outburst on that gentleman's part died away as he saw that the intruders had disappeared. He was still grumbling, when Mr. Harris, putting his head over the balusters, asked him to make a little less noise.

Mr. Wragg came upstairs in three bounds, and his voice was so terrible that Messrs. Harris and Brown huddled together for protection. Then his gaze fell on the bed, and he strove in vain for speech.

"We done it for the best," faltered Mr.

Mr. Wragg made a gurgling noise in his throat, and, as the doctor entered the room, pointed with a trembling finger at the bed. The other two gentlemen edged toward the

"Take him away; take him away at

once," vociferated Mr. Wragg.

The doctor motioned him to silence, and Joe Harris and Mr. Brown held their breaths nervously as he made an examination. For ten minutes he prodded and puzzled over the uncouth form in the bed; then he turned to the couple at the door.

"How did it happen?" he inquired.

Mr. Harris told him. He also added that he thought it was best to put him to bed at once before he came round.

"Quite right," said the doctor, nodding. "It's a very serious case."

"Well, I can't 'ave him 'ere," broke in Mr. Wragg.

"It won't be for long," said the doctor, shaking his head.

"I can't 'ave him 'ereat all, and what's more,
I won't. Let him go to
his own bed," said Mr.
Wragg, quivering with
excitement.

"He is not to be moved," said the doctor decidedly. "If he comes to his senses and gets out of bed, you must coax him back again."

"Coax?" stuttered Mr. Wragg. "Coax? What's he got to do with me? This house isn't a 'orspittle. Put his clothes on and take 'im away."

"Do nothing of the kind," was the stern reply. "In fact, his clothes had better be taken out of the room, in case he comes round and tries to dress."

Mr. Harris skipped across to the clothes and tucked them gleefully under his arm; Mr. Brown secured the boots.

"When he will come out of his stupor I can't say," continued the doctor. "Keep him perfectly quiet and don't let him see a soul."

"Look 'ere—" began Mr. Wragg in a broken voice.

"As to diet: water," said the doctor, looking round.

"Water?" said Miss Miller, who had come quietly into the room.

"Water," repeated the doctor. "As much as he likes to take, of course. Let me see, to-day is Tuesday. I'll look in



on Friday, or Saturday at latest, but till then he must have nothing but clear, cold water."

Mr. Harris shot a horrified glance at the bed, which happened just then to creak. "But suppose he asks for food, sir?" he said respectfully.

"He mustn't have it," said the other sharply. "If he is very insistent," he added, turning to the sullen Mr. Wragg, "tell him that he has just had food. He won't know any better, and he will be quite satisfied."

He motioned them out of the room, and then, lowering the blinds, followed them downstairs on tip-toe.

A murmur of voices, followed by the closing of the front door, sounded from below, and Mr. Gale, getting cautiously out of bed, saw Messrs. Harris and Brown walk up the street talking earnestly. He stole back on tip-toe to the door, and strove in vain to catch the purport of the low-voiced discussion below. Mr. Wragg's voice was raised, but indistinct. Then he fancied he heard a laugh.

He waited until the door closed behind the doctor, and then went back to bed to try to think out a situation which was fast

becoming mysterious.

He lay in the darkened room until a cheerful clatter of crockery below heralded the approach of tea-time. He heard Miss Miller call her uncle in from the garden. and with some satisfaction heard the pleasant voice engaged in talk. At intervals Mr. Wragg laughed loud and long.

Tea was cleared away and the lazy evening dragged along in silence. Uncle and niece were apparently sitting in the garden, but they came in to supper, and later on the fumes of Mr. Wragg's pipe pervaded the house. At ten o'clock he heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and through half-closed eves saw Mr. Wragg enter the bedroom with a candle.

"Time the poor feller 'ad 'is water," he said to his niece, who remained outside.

"Unless he is still insensible," was the reply.

Mr. Gale, who was feeling both thirsty and hungry, slowly opened his eyes and fixed them with a vacant stare on Mr.

"Where am I?" he inquired in a faint

"Buckingham Pallis," replied Mr. Wragg promptly.

Mr. Gale ground his teeth. "How did I come here?" he said at last.

"The fairies brought you," said Mr.

The young man rubbed his eyes and blinked at the candle.

"I seem to remember falling," he said slowly. "Has anything happened?"

"One of the fairies dropped you," said Mr. Wragg readily. "Fortunately you fell on your head."

A sound suspiciously like a giggle came from the landing and fell heavily on Gale's ear. He closed his eyes and tried to think.

"How did I get in your bedroom, Mr. Wragg?" he inquired, after a long pause.

"Light-'eaded," confided Mr. Wragg to the landing, and significantly tapping his forehead. "This ain't my bedroom," he said, turning to the invalid. "It's the king's. His Majesty gave up 'is bed at once directly he 'eard you were 'urt."

"And he's going to sleep on the chairs in the front parlor-if he can," said a low

voice from the landing.

The humor faded from Mr. Wragg's

face and was succeeded by an expression of great sourness. "Where is the poor fellow's supper?" he inquired. "I don't suppose he can eat anything, but he might try.

He went to the door, and a low-voiced colloguy ensued. The rival merits of cold chicken versus steak pie as an invalid diet were discussed at some length. Finally the voice of Miss Miller insisted on chicken, and a glass of port wine.

"I'll tell 'im it's chicken and port wine then," said Mr. Wragg, reappearing with a bedroom jug and a tumbler, which he placed on a small table by the bedside.

"Don't let him eat too much, mind," said the voice from the landing, anxiously.

Mr. Wragg said that he would be careful, and addressing Mr. Gale, implored him not to overeat himself. The young man stared at him offensively, and, partly certain now of the true state of affairs, thought of a way of escape.

"I feel better," he said slowly. "I

think I'll go home."

"Yes, yes," said the other soothingly. "If you will fetch my clothes," tinued Mr. Gale, "I will go now."

"Clothes?" said Mr. Wragg in an astonished voice. "Why, you didn't 'ave

Mr. Gale sat up suddenly in bed and shook his fist at him. "Look here," he began in a choking voice.

"The fairies brought you as you are," continued Mr. Wragg, growing furious, "and of all the perfect picturs-

A series of gasping sobs sounded from the landing, the stairs creaked and a door slammed violently below. In spite of this precaution, the sounds of a maiden in dire distress were distinctly audible.

"You give me my clothes," shouted the now furious Mr. Gale, springing out of bed. Mr. Wragg drew back. "I'll go and

fetch 'em," he said hastilv.

He ran lightly downstairs, and the young man, sitting on the edge of the bed, waited. Ten minutes passed and he heard Mr. Wragg returning, followed by his niece. He slipped back into bed again.

"It's 'is poor brain again," he heard, in the unctuous tones which Mr. Wragg appeared to keep for this emergency. clothes he wants now; by and by I suppose it will be something else. Well, the doctor said we've got to humor him."

"Poor fellow," sighed Miss Miller, with a break in her voice.

"See 'ow his face'll light up when he sees them," said her uncle.

He pushed the door open, and after surveying the patient with a benevolent smile, triumphantly held up a collar and tie for his inspection and then threw them on the bed. Then he disappeared hastily, and closing the door, turned the key in the lock.

"If you want any more chicken or any-

head in at the door, while Miss Miller remained outside in case of need. In these circumstances Mr. Gale met his anxious inquiries with a sullen silence, and the other, tired at last of baiting him, turned to go.

"I'll be back soon," he said, with a grin. "I'm just going out to tell folks 'ow you're getting on."

He was as good as his word, and Mr. Gale, peeping from the window, raged helplessly as little knots of neighbors stood smiling up at the house. Unable to en-



Drawn by Will Owen

HELD UP A COLLAR AND TIE FOR HIS INSPECTION

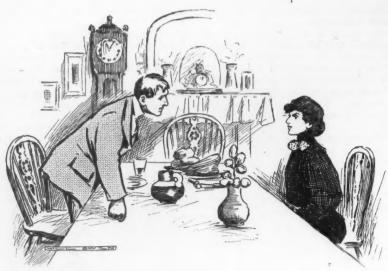
thing," he cried through the door, "ring the bell."

The horrified prisoner heard them pass downstairs again, and after a glass of water, sat down by the window and tried to think. He got up and tried the door, but it opened inward, and after a severe onslaught the handle came off in his hand. Tired out at last, he went to bed again and slept fitfully until morning.

Mr. Wragg visited him again after breakfast, but with great foresight only put his dure it any longer, he returned to bed resolving to wait until night came and then drop from the window and run home in a blanket.

The smell of dinner was almost painful, but he made no sign. Mr. Wragg, in high good humor, smoked a pipe after his meal and then went out again. The house was silent except for the occasional movements of the girl below. Soon there was a sudden tap at his door.

"Well!" said Mr. Gale.



Drawn by Will Owen

"MARRIED!" EXCLAIMED MISS MILLER, "THE MAN AS MAD AFTER ALL"

The door opened, and, hardly able to believe his eyes, he saw his clothes thrown into the room. Hunger was forgotten and he hastily dressed himself.

The smile vanished as he thought of the people in the streets, and in a reflective fashion he made his way slowly downstairs. The bright face of Miss Miller appeared at the parlor door.

"Better?" she smiled. Mr. Gale reddened, and drawing himself up stiffly, made no reply.

"That's polite," said the girl indignantly. "After giving you your clothes, too. What do you think my uncle will say to me? He was going to keep you here until Friday."

Mr. Gale muttered an apology. "I've made a fool of myself," he added.

Miss Miller nodded cheerfully. "Are you hungry?" she inquired.

The other drew himself up again.

"Because there is some nice cold beef left," said the girl, glancing into the room.

Mr. Gale started, and, hardly able to believe in his good fortune, followed her inside. In a very short time the cold beef was a thing of the past, and the young man, toying with his beer-glass, sat listening to a lecture on his behavior, couched in the severest terms his hostess could devise.

"You'll be the laughing-stock of the place," she concluded.

"I shall go away," he said gloomily.
"I shouldn't do that," said the girl, with a judicial air. "Live it down."

"I shall go away," repeated Mr. Gale decidedly. "I shall ship for a deep-sea voyage."

Miss Miller sighed. "It's too bad," she said slowly. "Perhaps you wouldn't look so foolish if——"

"If what?" inquired the other, after a long pause.

"If," said Miss Miller, looking down, "if—if——"

Mr. Gale started and trembled violently as a wild idea, born of her blushes, occurred to him.

"If—" he said, in quavering tones, "if—if—"

"Go on," said the girl, softly. "Why, I got as far as that; and you are a man."

Mr. Gale's voice became almost inaudible. "If we got married, do you mean?" he said at last.

"Married!" exclaimed Miss Miller, starting back a full two inches. "Good gracious! The man is mad after all."

The bitter and loudly expressed opinion of Mr. Wragg, when he returned an hour later, was that they were both mad.

Problem of the Tolstoy Household

How the Countess has Managed to Keep her Husband from Giving Away
All his Property

BY W. T. STEAD



ROUDHON invented the phrase that property was theft. Count Tolstoy has improved upon this, for, according to him, property is murder.

He is never weary of descanting upon this theme, and sometimes carries his zeal so far as to extort unwilling pro-

tests from the countess—a lady who has tempered the severity of her husband's theories by the practical common sense of her matter-of-fact genius.

The countess, in telling how far her husband desired to go in carrying out his radical ideas, has said: "Leff Nikolavevitch, my husband, wished to distribute all his worldly goods to the poor; nay, he insisted on doing so, and it was I, I alone, who protested against it, declaring that I was no longer capable of earning my own living, that poverty, combined with nine children, would cause my death, and that he himself, sickly and frail as he is, is not qualified to gain his livelihood by manual labor. Heavens! What a struggle I had to carry on! But, God be praised, I triumphed. From that day to this I, and I alone, manage the count's affairs; everything is done by me-is in my own hands."

"Women and children," said the count ruefully, "are the chief obstacle to the living of the ideal life,"

"Nay," responded the countess cheerily, "without me you would not be alive to-day to live any kind of a life, ideal or otherwise."

Afterwards she remarked: "It is rather trying. Sometimes everything is murder. If you take a piece of sugar in your tea, there is blood on it. If you live in a ceiled house, you are a murderer."

Of this I had a practical illustration.

We were sitting at dinner when the count suddenly began:

"Do you know how it is that we are living in this house? It is because my greatgrandfather was a murderer. This estate was given to him as the price of blood. Catherine took the land from the peasants who worked it, and gave it him for the purpose of murdering people in war. That is the origin of one part of my estate. But do you think that the money earned by doctors or lawyers, or editors, is less dishonestly acquired than that taken by a thief or a brigand? It is just the same; all is the result of violence. I got part of my estate for the murders done by my great-grandfather. the other is the result of my writings. That is equally due to violence. Who buy my novels? Rich men. Whence come their riches? Again, from violence. There is not enough in the world for any one to have more than his fair share. There is a Russian proverb that says that he who labors honestly can never build a fine house, and it is true. The honest toiler can only get the necessaries. Who gets more is a thief. Whenever you see a big house and luxury, and all that, you see the result of the robbery of the poor. And the result is not only robbery, it is demoralization. For the thief and the thief's children do not need to work. They become idle, idleness breeds mischief, and their example corrupts and makes discontented the children of those who are too poor to follow their example. If you want to be like Christ you must have no property; you must share all round until you have no more than the others."

If you have money, or house, or clothes, you must be ready to give them up to the first comer. The result of practising this doctrine, even with the strict limitations imposed by the Countess Tolstoy, has not been very satisfactory. The false poor, the char-

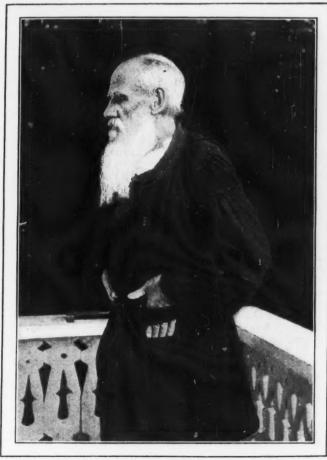


COUNTESS TOLSTOY

latan, the scamp, the drunkard, all swarm to be relieved. The genuine suffering poor remain away. Why the stolen hoard, if it be a stolen hoard, of the rich should be offered as a premium upon impudence, mendacity, and audacious selfishness, I have not yet been able to discern. What would happen if Count Tolstoy carried out his principles to the uttermost is that a score of rascals would possess themselves of his estate, who would spend the rents in vodka instead of in the propagation of temperance principles and the writing of "Anna Karenina."

When I ventured to hint this to the count, he replied: "You should always choose that which is certainly good in preference to that which is only possibly good. To live in natural relations with my brothers, to till the earth, to grow corn, and to bring myself and my family into harmony with the will of God, which is the law of life revealed by Christ, that is a positive real good. The writing of novels may be only nonsense. There may be some good in them, but perhaps more evil. Who can judge? You say that 'Anna Karenina' may have roused thousands of people to put themselves in more true and loving relations with their kind, but how do I know that it may not have had a different effect on even more thousands?"

We had been out walking in the cool of



COUNT TOLSTOY

the day, and we had come upon a squad of one hundred navvies who were employed at the railway. They were finishing their supper, and were on the point of turning into their sod-built huts, in which they slept, ten on each side, on a rude plank platform, without mattresses, without even straw. Count Tolstoy promised to send them some straw, at which they seemed much pleased. Honest, kindly-looking fellows they were; not so stalwart as our English navvies, but full of pleasant courtesy and frank talk. The visit to their huts naturally led to a discussion of the social question.

discussion of the social question.
"We have forgotten Christ," said the count; "we will not obey Him. And what

is the result? There you have a hundred men, each earning fifty kopecks a day, without even straw to lie on at night. How can you and I sleep on mattresses and feather beds when these hard-working men have not even straw? If you were Christian you could not. What right have you to too much when your brother has not even enough? The next step in Christianity, the very first step, is for those who have wealth and lands to part with all they have and let it go to the poor."

One of Count Tolstoy's friends and disciples, young Mr. T——, whom I met two years ago in London, at the house of M. Pashkoff, has adopted his views, and is liv-

ing as a peasant, with his young wife and baby, on his estate at Voronish. But even this absolute identity with the peasants, and literal sharing with them of his entire income, does not satisfy Count Tolstoy. What right have Christians to act as stewards of money which is evil, and solely evil? To assume that you have a right to dispose of your property, even by giving it away, is presumption. You have no right to your money-not even enough right to say that this man is more worthy to receive it than that. It is properly not yours at all. It is a stolen hoard which happens to be in your hands, but to which the first comer has as much right as yourself. Hence all that you have to do is to keep your hands off your money, and let anyone take it that comes along and cares to encumber himself with the accursed thing.

"In thirty years," said Count Tolstoy, "private property in land will be as much a thing of the past as now is serfdom. England, America, and Russia will be the first to solve the problem. Already the work makes progress. When I was a young man the emancipation of the serf preoccupied the mind of the Russian youth. Today another work commands the attention of our sons—the destruction of the private

ownership of land."

If you want to know what Count Tolstoy is like, you take Auberon Herbert, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, and George Fox, boil them all down into a single specimen of the human, and you have Count Tolstoy. Personally he is a most lovable man, full of all tender sympathies and loving kindness, and vehement conviction, natural, simple,

and strong.

Count Tolstoy was full of Henry George and land nationalization. "Henry George," he told me, "indicated the step that must be taken. His ideas will spread-nay, they are spreading. During the winter I have at night the peasants to talk with me round the samovar, and we often discuss the future of the land. I find them of two minds. One section would give every adult male an equal portion of land. The other would have the whole land held by the community, cultivated and owned in common. But when I explained Henry George's idea they all agreed that this would be the best. Only last week a peasant came nearly forty versts across the country to ask for further explanations about this land nationalization."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him that under the nationalization scheme all land would belong to the government, that there would be probably a reduction of twenty per cent. in the tax they now pay for their land, and that ultimately the reduced land-tax would take the place of any other taxes. He was quite satisfied, and he will tell others of the scheme."

"What taxes do the peasants pay?"

"The direct land tax to which allusion is made is between seven and eight roubles per annum, which they must pay for fortynine years to repay the state for the advance which it made to the landed proprietors at the time of the Emancipation. Under George's scheme, instead of paying a terminable seven and a half roubles for fortynine years, they would pay six roubles in perpetuity. The peasants know this, but they are willing to go on paying the reduced rent to the commune after the period of repayment is over."

I told Count Tolstoy of the discussions I had held with Henry George in London.

"I quite agree with George," said Count Tolstoy, "that the landlords may be expropriated without dishonesty, without compensation as a matter of principle. But as a question of expediency I think compensation might facilitate the necessary change. It will come, I suppose, as the Emancipation came. The idea will spread. A sense of the shamefulness of private ownership will grow. Some one will write an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' about it; there will be agitation, and then it will come, and many who own land will do as did those who owned serfs-voluntarily give it to their tenants. But for the rest, a loan might be arranged so as to prevent the work being stopped by the cry of confiscation."

Count Tolstoy was much interested in hearing of Archbishop Walsh and Lord Ashbourne's Act, and how we hoped to secure the creation of a system of communalization of the land in Ireland whenever

the settlement came.

"Yes," said he, "communalization is better than nationalization, although no doubt the nationalization of land did not answer badly in Turkey; but it is better to vest the land in the commune than in the central government. Of course I do not hold with George about the taxation of the land. If you could get angels from heaven to administer the taxes upon the land, you might do

justice and prevent mischief. I am against all taxation. Taxation can only be collected by force, and all force is forbidden by Christ.'

In that case, I ventured to suggest, there would be no state and no government. Count Tolstoy at once rejoined:

'And there is no such thing as a state, as a government. It is a humbug, this state. What you call a government is mere phantasmagoria. What is a state? Men I know; peasants and villages, these I see; but governments, nations, states, what are these but fine names invented to conceal the plundering of honest men by dishonest officials and the murdering of peaceful men under the phrases of mobilization and war? If men would not be so silly as to bow down and worship this false idol, government; how simple all things would become! All our difficulties come from that. We obey not Christ, but the government. Everything wrong comes from that."

To him the state is a hideous simulacrum, a kind of horrid nightmare, whose influence is only evil. It is due, no doubt, in his case to the fact that in Russia the life of the people is affected very little by the state, excepting when it takes taxes and

makes war.

"My views," said he, "are simply the application of the words of Christ to the things of this life, but they are also the outcome of Russian experience. Our life is in the villages. What would it matter to these peasants if St. Petersburg and Moscow, and all that is called government, were suddenly swallowed up by an earthquake? For each of these peasants life would be better, not worse. There is a little story I want to write some day-the experience of a Robinson Crusoe commune-which illustrates that point. A commune emigrated to Siberia as an entire commune. The government gave what it called assistance and directions, which only made trouble, but despite the government, the emigrants at last crossed the Ural. There they got leave from the Kirghiz to occupy the land and sow rye for one year. They harvested the rye and then moved on. At last they came to some waste land, and they decided to settle there. They sent to the governor of the district to ask leave. His tchinovniks took bribes, and then it was discovered that some one owned the land on which they had settled, and that they could not stay there.

So on they went until they crossed the Russian boundary, and settled in China. They did not know they were in China, and they sent to tell the governor that they had chosen a site for their village. The governor did not know the place, and they were left alone. They remained there for fifteen years, living happily and peacefully, without ever hearing a word from the government, until it was reported to the governor that they were Russian colonists, and that they ought to be within the Russian frontier. The taxes were put on, and they had to furnish soldiers. Now wherein was this Robinson Crusoe commune the better off for the government? Was it not entirely worse off when the government came to it? So it is with all of us. What is the use of a government? It is of no use; it is worse than useless.'

We crossed, as we talked, a highway in good repair that ran from Tula to Kiev. 'Who made this road?" I asked.

"The government," he replied.

"Then the government does at least do some good," I remarked, "if it makes roads?"

"Oh!" said he, carelessly. "It is always on the lookout to discover or invent a motive for its existence; but in these things, as in railways and agricultural exhibitions, and in national education, the government goes too fast. Why make these things before the people learn the need of them? When they know they need them they will make them without the government."

But most of the so-called intellectual work, what was it? Nothing but illusion.

"Tchinovniks sit in offices signing papers, and imagine that they are doing something, that they are governing the country. Ach, what a delusion! It is all a fiction, this government, a mere hallucination. Of course, I do not deny that there are men, live men, with pens in their hands, writing on real paper. That is true. But government is a chimera. And you who seek to influence governments and prevent wars by that means, you might as well take your stick and beat the leaves which the wind blows from the trees. There is only one way of obtaining peace and of preventing evil, and that is to refuse yourself to do any act of violence, and never even to prevent evil, do a wrong."

I never could quite master the count's doctrine of the impotence or non-existence of governments. He was scornfully contemptuous of the so-called great men—the Napoleons, the Bismarcks, and so forth—who imagine they can make wars and alter the course of history. Bismarck, he said, was like Napoleon; all these statesmen were more or less charlatans, the idols of one hour, the scorn of the next; now lauded to the skies as oracles of wisdom, and then derided as the veriest fools as soon as the spell broke and their power passed. He objected to all political activity, and ridiculed the House of Commons as unsparingly as all other modes of government.

"I never acknowledged Prince Bismarck to be a great man," Count Tolstoy said once. "He chanced to be at the helm when the historical moment for the union of Germans arrived. People generally hold to certain properties, conventionalities, habits; suddenly an impudent fellow appears on the scene, refuses to respect or acknowledge anything, and, success following him, is acclaimed great. This is how it is always done. As for William, I look upon him with interest and sympathy.

"And every epoch has its own problem. In our days the problem was peasant reform. Now in the West they have the labor question. To ignore it would be the height of absurdity. But it is a great pity the German emperor began at the wrong end. What is really wanted is not shortening of hours or interdiction of child-labor, but that the workman himself should not feel the necessity of selling himself out for fourteen hours' daily work, or of hiring his children to the factory. Unless this radical change is effected, all attempts to remedy the actual situation will be productive of no good results."

"If you recognize property, or state, there is no future for you," said he on one occasion, "for all these are founded on violence, and violence will not last. Before all those who recognize violence, or anything that is based on violence, there is no future, only an impassable stone wall. Property, state, government: these are doomed, as was slavery and all other barbarisms which humanity has left behind."

New Year Confession Album



N the middle of the last century and well on towards its close, there were, in extensive circulation, many publications devised to express certain phases of sentiment that seem quaint and old-fashioned to-day. Among them were the numerous "Albums," "Gift Books" and "Annuals" which adorn book-shelves and drawing-room tables that still bear the marks of the tastes and feelings of those who cherished such things, perhaps as much

as half a century ago. Very likely they will remain where they are and be prized and valued, for the charm of old things ever holds the cultivated mind. We love old furniture, books and pictures, and seek to counterfeit when they are not easily to be found.

A quaint relic of the past that has just been revived is the "New Year Confession Album," of which we reproduce a leaf. Many women prominent in the British nobility, among them our American Duchesses of Marlborough and of Roxburghe, have become much interested in the idea and have devised very beautiful and artistic albums for themselves.

The collected leaves form a photograph album which not only pictures the face, but the mind and heart of the subjects. Through this means, one may collect some charmingly intimate data of one's truest friends. The Confession Album, however, is not for all the world to see, and the book is often closed by a tiny padlock.

Another use of the album is perhaps even more interesting. This is, to have the album apply to one person alone. Therein, from time to time, once a year or oftener, a new photograph is pasted, and the questions answered. Thus is obtained an interesting record of physical and mental development.

The Cosmopolitan eprints this leaf that carries with it a distinct flavor of the past, in the hope of interesting its readers in the lately revived idea, and that they may fill out the blanks for their own amusement.

M	1900
Name your favorite	
Color	
Flower	
Tree	
Object in nature	HERE PLACE PHOTOGRAPH
Hour in the day	After soaking in cold water four hours, peel a photo- graph from the card on which it is mounted. Dry it,
Season of the year	trim to this size, and fasten here with a very little
Gem	Be sure that the pasting is light and delicately done,
Style of beauty	be no warping.
Name, male	
Name, female	
Picture	
Musical Composition	
Poets	
Prose authors	
Character in fiction	
Character in history	
Novel	
Other books	
What hook would you part with	th last?

What epoch	would you have	
chosen to	live in?	
Where woul	d you wish to live?	-
What chara	cter of the past, if you could im, would you like to meet?	
What is you		
amasemen	(f	
What is you	r favorite game?	
What is you	r favorite	
What trait of you most	f character do admire in man?	
In woman?		
	of character do	
you most	dislike in man?	
In woman?		
If not yours	elf, who would r be ?	
What is you		
What is you		
What is you	r greatest dread?	
What is you	r happiest dream?	
	u believe to be your hing characteristics?	
What quality	ies do you think graph expresses?	
What is the	sublimest passion of which ture is capable?	
What are ti	ne sweetest words rld?	
What are to	he saddest words?	
What incom	e should content one?	
What is you	ır aim in life?	
What is you	r motto?	
	do you desire	
	rson you marry?	



Mother and Daughter



A Picture Cycle
BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE



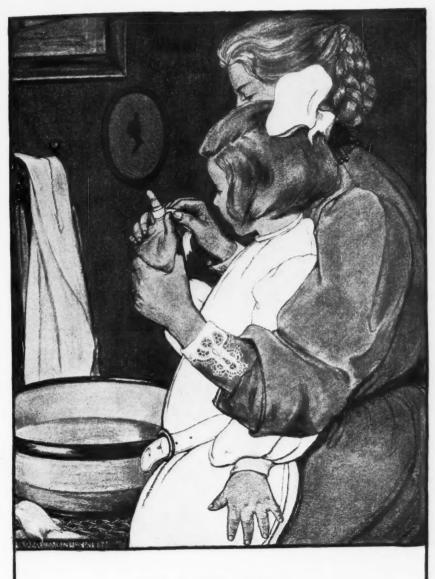
The Sun Bath



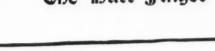
In Church with Mother



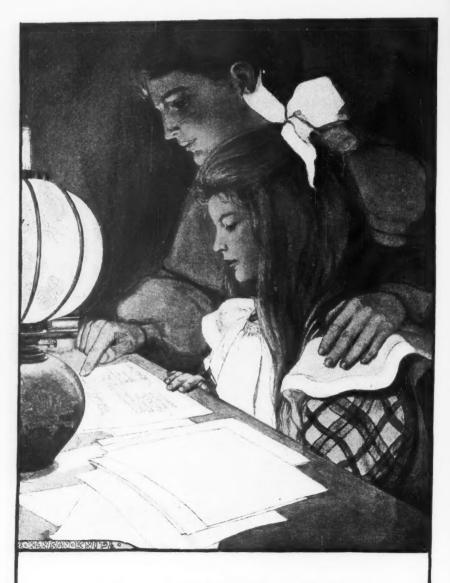




The Hurt Finger







Help with a Hard Lesson

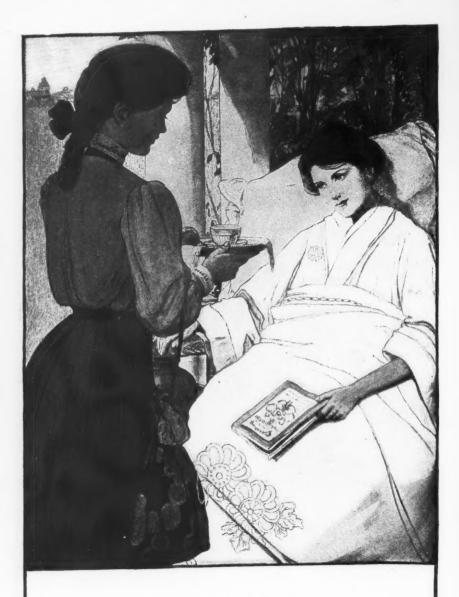






Making Father's Christmas Presents





Mother's Paurse







Mo Longer a Schoolgirl



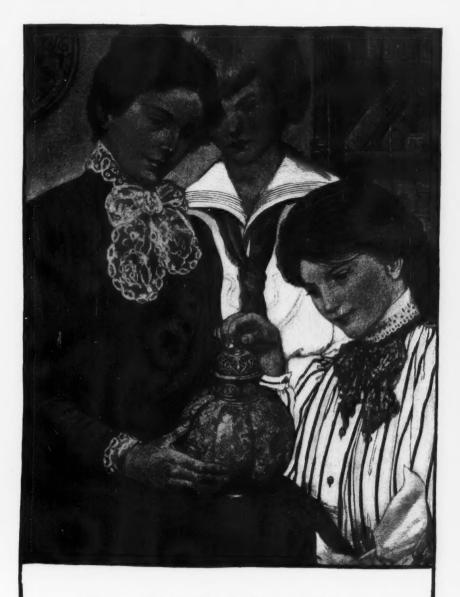




The Engagement Ring



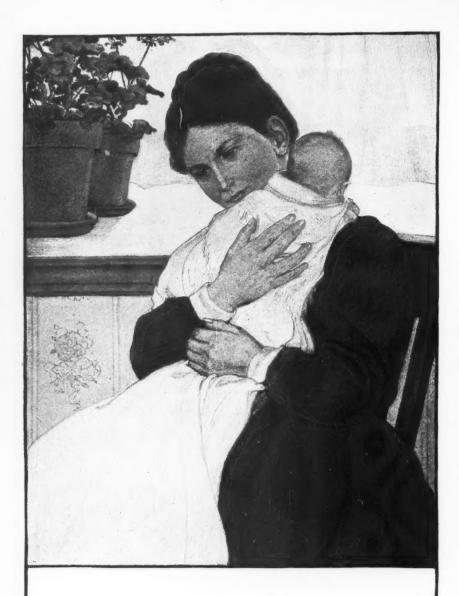




The First Wledding Present







The First Granddaughter





The Way of an Indian

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

Synopsis.—The opening instalments narrate the growth and development of White Otter, a Chis-chis-chash boy. He finds his fetich or "medicine" in a little brown bat, and sets forth with his friend, Red Arrow, to win the eagle-plume of the warrior, which he does by the wanton murder of an Absaroke. In his new estate he is known, from his "medicine," as the Bat. Despite his cruelty, the young Indian shows a fine sense of honor in a deal with some white traders, by which he obtains possession of a long-coveted rifle. But the baser instincts again assert themselves when he steals Seet-se-be-a, a Minataroe girl, wife of the half-breed Papin, at Fort Laramie, and marries her according to the ancient Indian rites.

V

"THE KITES AND THE CROWS"



HE Bat had passed the boy stage. He was a Chis-chischash warrior now, of agile body and eager mind. No man's medicine looked more sharply after his physical form and shadow-self than did the Bat's; no young man was quicker in the surround; no war-pony could scrabble

to the lariat ahead of his in the races. He had borne more bravely in the Sun-dance than all others, and those who had done the ceremony of "smoking his shield" had heard the thick bull's-hide promise that no arrow or bullet should ever reach the Bat. He lost the contents of his lodge at the game of the plum-stones-all the robes that Seet-se-be-a had fleshed and softened, but more often his squaw had to bring a packpony down to the gamble and pile it high with his winnings. He was much looked up to in the warrior class of the Red Lodges, which contained the tried-out braves of the Cheyenne tribe; moreover old men-wise ones-men who stood for all there was in the Chis-chischash talked to him occasionally out of their pipes, throwing measuring glances from under lowering brows in his direction to feel if he had the secret Power of the Eyes.

The year passed until the snow fell no longer and Big Hair said the medicine chiefs had called it "The Falling Stars Winter" and had painted the sign on the

sacred robes. The new grass changed from yellow to a green velvet, while the long hair blew off the horses' hides in bunches and their shrunken flanks filled up with fat. As nature awoke from the chill and began to circulate, the Indians responded to its feel. They stalked among the pony herds, saying to each other, "By the middle of the moon of the new Elk Horns, these big dogs will carry us to war."

The boys of the camp herded the ponies where the grass was strongest, and the warriors watched them grow. It was the policy of the tribe to hang together in a mass against the coming of the enemy, for the better protection of the women and the little ones, but no chiefs or councils were strong enough to stop the yearning of the young Cheyennes for military glory. All self-esteem, all applause, all power and greatness, came only down that fearful road-the war-trail. Despite the pleadings of tribal policy Iron Horn, a noted war- and mystery-man, secretly organized his twenty men for glorious death or splendid triumph. Their orders went forth in whispers. "By the full of the moon at the place where the Drowned Buffalo water tumbles over the rocks one day's pony-travel to the west."

Not even Seet-se-be-a knew why the Bat was not sitting back against his willowmat in the gray morning when she got up to make the kettle boil, but she had a woman's instinct which made her raise the flap to look out. The two war-ponies were gone. Glancing again behind the robes of his bed she saw, too, that the oiled rifle was missing. Quickly she ran

to the lodge of Red Arrow's father, wailing, "My man has gone, my man has gone-his fast ponies are gone-his gun has gone." and all the dogs barked and ran about in the shadows while Red Arrow's mother appeared in the hole in the tepee, also wailing, "My boy has gone, my boy has gone," and the village woke up in a tumult. Every one understood. The dogs barked, the women wailed, the children cried, the magnies fluttered overhead while the wolves answered back in piercing vells from the plains beyond.

Big Hair sat up and filled his pipe. He placed his medicine-bag on a pole before him and blew smoke to the four sides of the earth and to the top of the lodge saving: "Make my boy strong. Make his heart brave, oh Good Gods-take his pony over the dog-holes-make him see the enemy first!" Again he blew the smoke to the deities and continued to pray thus for an hour until the sunlit camp was quiet and the chiefs sat under a giant cotton-wood,

devising new plans to keep the young men at home.

Meanwhile from many points the destined warriors loped over the rolling landscape to the rendezvous. Tirelessly all day long they rose and fell as the ponies ate up the distance to the Drowned Buffalo. stopping only at the creeks to water the horses. By twos and threes they met, galloping together-speaking not. moon rose big and red over their backs, the wolves stopped howling and scurried one side—the ceaseless thud of the falling hoofs continued monotonously, broken only by the crack of a lash across a horse's flank.

At midnight the faithful twenty men were still seated in a row around Iron Horn while the horses, too tired to eat, hung their heads. The old chief dismissed his war-party saying, "To-morrow we will make the mystery-we will find out whether the Good Gods will go with us to

war or let us go alone."

Sunrise found the ponies feeding quietly, having recovered themselves, while the robed aspirants sat in a circle. The grass had been removed from the enclosed space

and leveled down.

A young man filled the long medicinepipe and Iron Horn blew sacrificial puffs about him, passing it in, saying: "Let no man touch the pipe who has eaten meat since the beginning of the last sun. If

there are any such he must be gone-the Good Gods do not speak to full men.' But the pipe made its way about the ring

without stopping.

Iron Horn then walked behind the circle sticking up medicine-arrows in the eartharrows made sacred by contact with the great medicine of the Chis-chis-chash and which would hold the Bad Gods in check while the Good Gods counseled.

Resuming his seat, he spoke in a harsh, guttural clicking: "What is said in this circle must never be known to any man who does not sit here now. The Bad Gods will hear what the Good Gods say in such an event and the man who tells against them will be deserted by the Good Gods forever. Every man must tell all his secrets-all the things he has thought about his brothers since the last warmedicine; all that the gods have whispered in his dreams. He must tell all and forever say no more," and Iron Horn rested on his words for a moment before continuing his confession:

"Brothers, I am a great medicine-manno arrow can touch me-I do not fear men. I am too old for the women to look upon. I did not say it at the time, but when the sun was low on the land last winter, I made it turn blue for a time. I made it cold in the land. Our horses were poor, and when I made the sun blue we crusted the buffalo and killed many with our lances. Brothers, it was I who made the sun blue in the

winter.

"Brothers, I love you all-I shall say no more," and Iron Horn threw tobacco on the earth in front of him.

A young man next to him dropped his robe from about his body and with fierce visage spoke excitedly, for it was his first confession and his Indian secretiveness was straining badly under the ordeal. It was mostly about gallantries and dreamsall made like the confessions which followed. They were the deeds and thoughts common to young Indian men.

The men now began to paint themselves and to take their paraphernalia from their war-bags and put it on. Iron Horn said: "Brothers-when it is dark I will put a medicine-arrow into the ground where my feet are now, and if in the morning it has not moved, we will go back to the lodges, but if it has moved, we will go in the direction in which it points.



HE RUSHED THE PONY RIGHT TO THE BARRICADE



Drawn by Frederic Remington

THE FIRE EATER SLUNG HIS VICTIM ACROSS HIS PONY, TAKING HIS SCALP

312

"When we start toward the enemy no man must eat, drink or sit down by day, no matter how long or fatiguing the march; if he halts for a moment he must turn his face toward his own country so that the gods may see that it is his wish to return there. We must sleep with our own faces toward our village. No two men must lie covered by the same robe. We must not ride or walk in a beaten path lest the spirit of the path go running on ahead of us to warn the enemy, and if by chance we do. we must come to the big medicine and rub it on the horses' legs to ward off the danger."

This said, Iron Horn said much more to his young braves-all the demon fears which the savage mind conjures in its contact with the supernatural, together with stated forms of decorations to be painted on the ponies, and then he dismissed them, saying, "Come to the circle before the moon rises while it is yet dark, but meanwhile sit each man alone and in silence and we will see what the Good

Gods do with the arrows."

The warriors led their ponies off to various points in the savage gorge and sat motionless the livelong day while the river rushed ceaselessly over the wild rocks and the ravens soared in the blue heavens.

By night they came gliding back, picking their way among the rocks, and stood by the bared earth of the mystery place. The chief struck a light and, bending over, saw the arrow lying out in the middle of the space many feet away from where he had placed it. The smooth earth was dotted by the tracks of coyotes, but the arrow pointed nearly southwest and it was the way they must take. Rising, he pointed, saying: "The Good Gods say we must go this way-where they point. The medicine is strong—the gods sent their little medicine-wolves to show us."

They struck a pole in the center of the circle, and when the moon rose each warrior approached it and either hung some piece of rag or buckskin on it or put various implements at its foot, muttering meanwhile prayers for protection and success and rubbing the pole with his weapons to vitalize them spiritually.

By the full light of the moon the mounted men, each leading a horse, rode slowly off, one after the other, into the hills, and they did not halt until nearly morning

when they again sat in a magic circle and took heed of the medicine-arrows before lying down to sleep in a long row, facing toward the village.

The day following found the small warparty advancing cautiously, preceded far in advance on its flanks by watchful scouts. They were all eyes for any hunting bands of Utes or Shoshones and might see the Yellow-Eyes trooping along in a line as

the ducks fly.

For days marched the band, winding through the lands or splashing through the flat rivers until early one morning they observed one of the scouts far in advance, flashing a looking-glass from a hilltop. Lashing their horses they bore on toward him, dashing down the cut banks at reckless speed or clambering up them helterskelter. No inequalities of ground opposed their desperate speed.

Arriving at the place, they rode boldly up to the mounted scout and far down on the plains saw three Yellow-Eves driving twelve pack animals heavily loaded. They paused to repaint their faces and put the sacred war-marks on the ponies, not forgetting to tie up their tails before continuing the mad charge. The poor beaver-hunters saw the on-coming, knew their danger, and instantly huddled their horses and began dropping their packs. They had selected a slight knoll of the prairie and before many minutes had a rude barricade constructed with their packages. Dropping behind this they awaited the Indians with freshly primed rifles and pistols.

The Chis-chis-chash rode in a perfect line and when within a hundred yards gave shrill "ki-yi's," lashed their whips and the ponies clattered through the dust. It would be all over with the three luckless trappers in an instant. When nearly half the distance had been consumed three rifles cracked. Iron Horn and another warrior reeled on their mounts but clung desperately, stopping in no way the rush. In an instant, when it seemed as if the Indians were about to trample the Yellow-Eyes, a thin trail of fire ran along the grass from the barricade and with a blinding flash a keg of powder exploded with terrific force right under the front feet of the rushing ponies. Pistols cracked from behind the pile of roped goods. Four ponies lay kicking on the grass together with six writhing men, all blackened, bleeding

and scorched. The other ponies reeled away from the shock—running hopelessly from the scene. All but one, for the Bat pulled desperately at his hair lariat which was tied to the under jaw of the horse. Striking his pony across the head with his elk-horn whip and, lashing fiercely, he rushed the pony right to the barricade. Firing his rifle into it swerving, he struck the bunch of trapper-horses which had already begun to trot away from the turbulent scene, and drove them off in triumph. He alone had risen superior to the shock of the white man's fire trap.

Four of the wounded Indians got slowly to their feet, one after the other, and walked painfully away. The whites had reloaded meanwhile and fatally shot the last man

as he was nearly out of range.

When the defeated party came together, it made a mystic circle in the turf of open prairie, not over three arrow flights from the Yellow-Eyes, and there sat down. In the center lay the Indian dead and three more sightless with their hair singed off and their bodies horribly scorched, while Iron Horn was stretched on a blanket, shot through the body and singing weakly his

death-song.

"Let the Bat take the medicine-he is a strong warrior-the bursting fire did not stop him. He ate the fire. I am a great warrior-I am a great medicine-man, but I could not eat the fire. Brothers, the scalps of the beaver-hunters must dry in the Red Lodges." Then the dying warrior became incoherent and scarcely mumbled. The Bat took black paint from his fire bag and rubbed it on the face of the dying man while the decreased circle of warriors yelped the death-cry dolorously. For an hour this continued, rising and rising in scales until the sadness had changed to fury. The Bat held the medicine toward the sun saying: "Mia-yu-manis heva-la ma-nih. Nis tako navero nao' hiko' no hi. (Red Lodges-he has taken pity on us. He will make you strong
—I am strong.)"

They took the dead and wounded and deposited them near where the led-horses were kept. The injured men were attended to, and the dead buried carefully

n robes.

"One warrior lies dead near the feet of Yellow-Eyes; if they get his scalp he

will go to the hungry islands in the middle of the Big Water and we shall never see him in the spirit-land. We must not let them touch his hair, brothers. If the Yellow-Eyes come from behind their packs we must charge-we must eat the flying fire or all be rubbed out. If they do not come out the ravens will not have to wait long for the feast." Thus said the Bat. He had kept his word about going farther toward the enemy than any other and was now moved to resort to strategy. He did not martial his warriors in a line but deployed them about the citadel of the plains. That place, robbed of its horrors, gave no sign of life except a burned and injured pony which raised itself and slowly moved its head from side to side in its agony. But behind it there was promise of deadly rifles and the bursting fire.

The warriors stood like vultures on the plains, by twos and threes, smoking and feeding their ponies from their lariats. They spoke of the chief no longer as the Bat but called him "Fire Eater" or "The Man who eats the Flying Fire." The ravens hovered about the place and wise, gray wolves sat haunched in a still larger ring without. Slowly the sun moved across the heavens. The scene was quiet and pitiful.

Night came on but nothing happened. Before the moon rose out of the darkness a rifle flashed behind the bales, when again the quiet became intensified by the explosion. The wolves sung their lullaby of death, but on the prairie that was as the ceaseless, peaceful surging of the waves

When the warriors returned in small parties to their camp for refreshment they saw the dead body of Owl Bear—he who had fallen outside the barricade of the Yellow-Eyes. The Fire Eater had brought it in during the night—having approached and carried it away—drawing the fire of the rifle but saving the hair and shadow-self of his brother.

on the ocean sand.

For seven days the Chis-chis-chash stood about the doomed place. Twice they had approached it and had lost another warrior, shot by the fatal rifle of the beaver-men. Then they had drawn off and given up in the face of the deadly shooting—concluding to let nature work for the victory.

At last, becoming eager and restless, the Fire Eater's war-party galloped out toward the fort. His brothers, seeing this rashness, closed in with him, but no sign of life came from the stronghold.

Boldly he rode up to the edge of the bales of goods, and glancing over saw the swelled and blackened bodies of the three beaver-men and knew by the skinned lips and staring eyes that thirst had done its work. The braves gathered, but no man dismounted and one by one they turned and rode away. "The bad spirits of the dead may get into our bodies—come away—come away—the sun shines now, but we must be far away when the night sets in. Our medicine-arrows will keep them off after that," said the Fire Eater.

Much cast down the Red Lodge warriors gathered up their dead and rode slowly back toward the village.

On the morning of the second day the Cheyennes awoke to find the Fire Eater gone, but he had left his horses on their hands. "The young chief's heart is sad. He has gone away by himself. He will not want us to follow him. He cannot go into the village with our dead and wear the mourning paint," whispered they, one to another.

This was true—for the fierce spirit of the young man could not brook defeat. The Chis-chis-chash should never see blackened ashes on a cheek which was only fitted for the red paint. The shield of the Fire Eater should never face to the lance—the little brown bat flapped fiercely in the wind and screamed for blood and scalp braids. The warrior traveled lazily on his journey—light-hearted and fiercely resolved.

After many days of wolfish travel he saw signs of the vicinage of the Shoshone Indians. They were a hungry band who had come out of the mountains and were hunting the buffalo. He followed the pony tracks where they were not lost in the buffalo trails, finding picked bones, bits of castaway clothing and other signs, until he saw the scouts of the enemy riding about the hills. Approaching carefully in the early night and morning he found the camp and lay watching for depressions in the fall of some bluffs. But the young men were ceaselessly active, and he did not see an opportunity to approach. During the night he withdrew to a pine-clad rocky fortress which promised better concealment, and his surprise was great in the

morning to see the Shoshones preparing to make a buffalo-surround in the valley immediately in front of him. From all directions they came and encompassed the buffalo below.

The Fire Eater carefully pressed down the tuft of loose hair which sat upright on the crown of his head after the manner of his people, and leaving his rifles he walked down toward the seething dustblown jumble where the hunters were shearing their bewildered game. No one noticed him and the dust blew over him from the herd. Presently a riderless pony came by and seizing its lariat he sprang on its back. He rode through the whirling dust into the surround, and approaching an excited and preoccupied Shoshone, stabbed him repeatedly in the back. The Indian yelled, but no one paid any attention in the turmoil. The Fire Eater slung his victim across his pony, taking his scalp. He seized his lance and pony and rode slowly away toward the bluffs. After securing his rifle he gained the timber and galloped away.

On his road he met a belated scout of the enemy coming slowly on a jaded horse. This man suspected nothing until the Fire Eater raised his rifle when he turned away to flee. It was too late and a second scalp soon dangled at the victor's belt. He did not take the tired horse for it was useless.

Swiftly he rode now for he knew that pursuit was sure, but if one was instituted it never came up, and before many days the Cheyennes rode along his own tepee, waving the emblem of his daring, and the camp grew noisy with exultation. The mourning paint was washed from each face and the old pipe-men said, "The Bat will be a great leader in war-his medicine is very strong and he eats fire." The chiefs and council withheld their discipline, and the Fire Eater grew to be a great man in the little world of the Chischis-chash, though his affairs proportionately were as the "Battles of the Kites and Crows."

VI

THE FIRE EATER'S BAD MEDICINE.

The Chis-chis-chash had remembered through many "green grasses" that the Fire Eater had proven himself superior

to the wrath of the Bad Gods who haunt the way of the men who go out for what the Good Gods offer-the ponies, the women and the scalps. He had become a sub-chief in the Red Lodge military clan. He had brought many painted war-bands into the big camp with the scalps of their tribal enemies dangling from their lance heads. The village had danced often over the results of his victories. Four wives now dressed and decorated his buffalo robes. The seams of his clothes were black with the hair of his enemies, as he often boasted, and it required four boys to herd his ponies. His gun was reddened, and there were twenty-four painted pipes on his shield indicative of the numbers who had gone down before him in war. In the time of the ceremonies, his chief's war-bonnet dragged on the ground and was bright with the painted feathers which belonged to a victor. He hated the Yellow-Eyes-not going often to their posts for trade, and like a true Indian warrior he despised a beaver trap. It was conceded by old men that time would take the Fire Eater near to the head chieftainship, while at all times the young men were ready to follow him to the camp of the foe.

One day in the time of the yellow-grass the Fire Eater had sat for hours, without moving, beside his tepee, looking vacantly out across the hills and speaking to no human being. His good squaws and even his much cherished children went about the camping space quietly, not caring to disturb the master. He was tired of the lazy sunshine of home; the small cackle of his women, one to another, annoyed him; he was strong with the gluttony of the kettle which was ever boiling; the longing for fierce action and the blood-thirst had taken possession of him. Many times he reached up with his hand to the crown of his head and patted the skin of the little brown bat, which was his medicine. This constantly talked to him in his brown study, saying: "Look-look at the war-ponies-the big dogs are fat and kick at each other as they stand by the wooden pins. They are saying you are too old for them. They think that the red hands will no more be painted on

their flanks."

But the warrior, still with his sleepy dogstare fixed on the vacant distance, answered the bat-skin: "We will seek the help of the Good Gods to-night; we will see if the path is clear before us. My shadow is very black beside me here—I am strong." Thus the Indian and his medicine easily agreed with each other in these spiritual conversations—which thing gave the Fire Eater added respect for the keeper of his body and his shadow-self.

Far into the night the preoccupied Indian leaned against his resting-mat watching the little flames leaping from the split sticks as his youngest squaw laid them on the fire.

After a time he sprang to his feet and drove the woman out of the lodge. Untying his war-bags he produced a white buffalorobe and arranged it to sit on. This was next to the bat-skin his strongest protector. When seated on it he lost contact with the earth-he was elevated above all its influences. Having arranged his gun, shield and war-bonnet over certain medicinearrows, the sacred bat-skin was placed on top. This last had, in the lapse of years, been worn to a mere shred and was now contained in a neat buckskin bag highly ornamented with work done by squaws. Lighting his medicine-pipe, after having filled it in the formal manner due on such occasions, he blew the sacrificial whiffs to the four corners of the world, to the upper realms and to the lower places, and then addressed the Good Gods. All the mundane influences had departed-even his body had been left behind. He was in communion with the spirit-world-lost in the expectancy of revelation. He sang in monotonous lines, repeating his extemporizations after the Indian manner and was addressing the Thunder Bird-the great bird so much sought by warriors. He sat long before his prayers were heeded, but at last could hear the rain patter on the dry sides of the tepee, and he knew that the Thunder Bird had broken through the air to let the rain fall. A great wind moaned through the encampment and in crashing reverberations the Thunder Bird spoke to the Fire Eater: "Go-go to the Absaroke-take up your pony-whip-your gun wants to talk to them your ponies squeal on the ropes—your bat says no arrow or bullet can find himyou will find me over your head in time of danger. When you hear me roar across the sky and see my eyes flash fire, sit down and be still; I am driving your enemies back. When you come again back to the village you must sacrifice many robes and ponies to me." Lower and lower spoke the great bird as he passed onward—the rain ceased

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to beat—the split sticks no longer burned—the Fire Eater put up the sacred things and was alone in the darkness.

In the early morning the devotee stalked over to the great war-prophet—a mysteryman of the tribe who could see especially far on a contemplated war-path. The sun was bright when they were done with their conversation, but the signs were favorable to the spirit of war. The Thunder Bird had on the preceding night also told the war-prophet that the Chis-chis-chash had sat too long in their lodges, which was the reason why he had come to urge activity.

Accordingly—without having gone near the boiled meat—the Fire Eater took the war-pipe around the Red Lodges and twenty young men gladly smoked it. In council of the secret clan the war-prophet and the sub-chief voiced for war. The old chiefs and the wise men, grown stiff from riding and conservative toward a useless waste of young warriors, blinked their beady eyes in protest, but they did not imperil their popularity by advice to the contrary. The young men's blood-thirst and desire for distinction could not be curbed.

So the war-prophet repaired to his secret lodge to make the mystery, while the warriors fasted until it was done. Everything about the expedition had been faithfully attended to; all the divinities had been duly consulted; the council had legitimatized it; the Fire Eater had been appointed leader; the war-prophet had the secret protection forthcoming, and no band had lately gone forth from the village with so many assurances of success.

For many days the little streak of ponies wound over the rolling brown land toward the north. Each man rode a swift horse and led another alongside. Far ahead ranged the cautious spies; no sailing hawk, no wailing coyote, no blade of grass did anything which was not reasoned out by mind or noted by their watchful eyes.

The Absaroke were the friends of the Yellow-Eyes who had a little fort at the mouth of the Muscleshell, where they gave their guns and gauds in great quantities. The Chis-chis-chash despised the men who wore hats. They barely tolerated and half protected their own traders. Nothing seemed so desirable as to despoil the Absaroke traders. They had often spied on the fort but always found the protecting Absaroke too numerous. The scouts of the

Fire Eater, however, found immense trace of their enemy's main camp as it had moved up the valley of the Yellowstone. They knew that the Absaroke had finished their yellow-grass trading and had gone to hunt the buffalo. They hoped to find the little fort unprotected. Accordingly they sped on toward that point, which upon arrival they found sitting innocently alone in the grand landscape. Not a tepee was to be seen.

Having carefully reconnoitered and considered the place, they left their horses in a dry washout and crawled toward it through the sagebrush. As the sky grew pale toward the early sun there was no sign of discovery from its silent pickets. When within a hundred yards, in response to the commanding war-cry of the Fire Eater, they rose like ghosts from the sage and charged fast on the stockade. The gray logs stood stiffly unresponsive and gave no answering shots or yells as the Indians swept toward it. The gate was high, but the attacking force crept up on one another's bent backs as they strove for the interior. A tremendous commotion arose; rifles blazed inside and out. Two or three Indians sprang over but were shot down. Hatchets hacked at the timbers; gun-muzzles and drawn arrows sought the crevices in the logs; piercing yells rose above the hoarse shouts of the besieged, for the stockade was full of white men.

The savages had not noticed a great number of Mackinaw boats drawn up on the river bank and concealed by low bushes. These belonged to a brigade of freighters who were temporarily housed in the post. As the surprised whites and creoles swarmed to the defense, the Indians found themselves outnumbered three to one. The Fire Eater, seeing several braves fall before the ever-increasing fire from the palisades and knowing he could not scale the barrier, ordered a withdrawal. The beaten band drew slowly away carrying the stricken brothers.

The medicine was bad—the war-prophet had not had free communication with the mystery of the Good Gods. Some one had allowed himself to walk in a beaten path or had violated the sacred rights of the warpath. The skin of the little brown bat did not comfort the Fire Eater in his fallen state. He cast many burning glances back at the logs now becoming mellowed by the morning light. The sun had apparently

thrown its protection over them, and the omen struck home to the wondering, savage mind. He remembered that the old men had always said that the medicine of the Yellow-Eves was very strong and that they always fought insensibly, like the gray bears. The flashing rifles which had blown their bodies back from the fort had astonished these Indians less by their execution, than the indication they gave that the powers of darkness were not with them. They looked askance at the Fire Eater for their illsuccess. He was enraged-a sudden madness had overpowered and destroyed his sense of the situation. One of those moods had come upon the savage child-mind when the surging blood made his eyes gleam

vacantly like the great cat's.

Slowly the dismayed band withdrew to the washout-casting backward glances at the walls which had beaten down their ambitions and would paint the tribes with ashes and blood-sacrifices for the lost. When there, they sat about dejectedly, finding no impulse to do more. From out of the west, in response to their blue despondency, the clouds blew over the plains -the thunder rumbled-the rain came splashing and beating and then came in blinding sheets. The Fire Eater arose and standing on the edge of the bank raised his arms in thanks to the Thunder Bird for his interposition in their behalf saying: "Brothers, the Thunder Bird has come to his poor warriors to drive our enemies back as was promised to the prophet. He will put out the fires of the Yellow-Eyes, behind their medicine-logs. We are not afraid-our medicine is strong."

The rain poured for a time but abated gradually as the crashing Thunder Bird hurried away to the rising sun, and with a final dash it separated into drops, letting the sunlight through the departing drizzle. The warriors began drying their robes and their weapons-preoccupied with the worries so much dampness had wrought to their powder and bowstrings. Suddenly one of them raised his head, deerlike, to listen. As wild things they all responded, and the group of men was statuesque as it listened to the beat of horses' hoofs. As a flock of blackbirds leave a bush-with one motionthe statuary dissolved into a kaleidoscopic twinkle of movement as the warriors grabbed and ran and gathered. They sought their ponies' lariats, but before they

could mount a hundred mounted Yellow-Eyes swept down upon them, circling away as the Indians sowed their shots among them. But they were surrounded. The Thunder Bird had lied to the Chis-chis-chash—he had chosen to sacrifice the Fire Eater and the twenty Red Lodge braves. There was now no thought of arresting the blow—there was but to die as their people always did in war. The keepers of the Red Lodge counting robes might cross the red pipes out with black, but they should not wash them out entirely.

The beaver-men—the traders—the creoles and the half-breeds slid from their horses and showered their bullets over the washout, throwing clouds of wet dirt over the braves crowding under its banks. The frightened Indian ponies swarmed out of one end of the cut, but were soon brought back and herded together in the sagebrush by the moccasin-

boys of the Yellow-Eyes.

In maddened bewilderment the Fire Eater leaped upon the flat plain, made insulting gestures and shouted defiant words in his own language at the flashing guns. Above the turmoil could be heard the harsh, jerky voice which came from the bowels of the warrior rather than from his lips. No bullet found him as he stepped back into cover, more composed than when he had gone out. The nervous thrill had expended itself in the speech. To his own mind the Fire Eater was a dead man, his medicine had departed; his spiritual protection was gone. He recognized that to live his few remaining hours was all-he had only to do the mere act of dying and that he would do as his demon nature willed it. His last sun was looking down upon him.

The Yellow-Eves knew their quarry well. They recognized of old the difference between an Indian cooped up in a hole in a flat plain and one mounted on a swift warpony, with a free start and the whole plain for a race track. They advanced with all caution-crawling, sneaking through sage and tufted grass. Occasionally as an Indian exposed himself for fire, a swift bullet from a beaver-man's long rifle crashed into his head, rolling him back with oozing brains. The slugs and ounce-balls slapped into the dirt from the muskets of the creole engagés and they were losing warrior after warrior. By cutting the dirt with their knives the Indians dug into the banks and, avoiding a fire which raked the

washout and by throwing the dirt up on either side, they protected their heads as they raised to fire.

A man walking over the flats by midday would have seen nothing but feeding ponies and occasional flashes of fire close to the grass, but a flying raven would have gloated over a scene of many future gorges. It would have seen many lying on their backs in the ditch—lying quite still and gazing up at his wheeling flight with stony gaze. Still there were others, rolling over on their backs to load their guns and again turning on their bellies to fire them.

The white men had no means of knowing how successful had been their rifle-fire and they hesitated to crawl closer. Each party in turn taunted the other in unknown tongue, but they well knew that the strange voices carried fearful insult from the loud defiance of the intonation. The gray bears or the mountain cats were as merciful as any there. As the sun started on its downward course the nature of the Gothic blood asserted itself. The white men had sat still until they could sit still no longer. They had fasted too long. They talked to each other through the sagebrush and this is what happened when they cast the dice between death and dinner.

A tall, long-haired man, clad in the fringed buckskin of a Rocky Mountain trapper of the period, passed slowly around the circle of the siege, shouting loudly to those concealed among the brush and grasses. What he said the Chis-chis-chash did not know, but they could see him pointing at them continually.

The Fire Eater raised his voice: "Brothers, keep your guns full of fire; lay all your arrows beside you; put your war-ax under you. The Yellow-Eyes are going to kill us as we do the buffalo in a surround. Brothers, if the Thunder Bird does not come, our fires will go out now. We will take many to the spirit-land."

Having completed the circle the tall white man waved a red blanket and started on a run toward the place where the Indians lay. From all sides sprang the besiegers, converging with flying feet. When nearly in contact the Indians fired their guns, killing and wounding. The whites, in turn, excitedly emptied theirs and through the smoke with lowered heads charged like the buffalo. The bowstrings twanged and the ravens could only see the lightning

sweep of axes and furious gun-butts going over the pall of mingled dust and powder smoke. If the ravens were watching they would have seen nothing more except a single naked Indian run out of the turmoil, and, after a quick glance backward, speed away through the sagebrush. He could not fight for victory now; he sought only to escape; he was deserted by his gods; he ran on the tightened muscles of a desperate hope.

A bunch of horses had been left huddled by a squad of the enemy who had gone in with the charge on post, and for these the Fire Eater made. No one seemed to notice the lone runner until a small herds-boy spied him, whereat he raised his childish treble, but it made no impression. The Fire Eater picked up a dropped pony-whip and leading two ponies out of the bunch, mounted and lashed away. He passed the screaming boy within killing distance, but it was an evil day.

Before the small herder's voice asserted itself he was long out of rifle-shot but not out of pony-reach. A dozen men dashed after him. The warrior plied his whip mercilessly in alternate slaps on each pony-quarter and the bareback savage drew steadily away to the hills. For many miles the white men lathered their horses after, but one by one gave up the chase. The dice doubtless said dinner as against an Indian with a double mount, and many will think they gave a wise choice.

On flew the Fire Eater. Confusion had come to him. The bat on his scalp-lock said never a word. His heart was upside down within him. His shadow flew away before him. The great mystery of his tribe had betrayed and bewitched him. The Yellow-Eyed medicine would find him yet.

From a high divide the fugitive stopped beside a great rock to blow his horses, and he turned his eyes on the scene of ill-fate. He saw the Yellow-Eyes ride slowly back to their medicine-logs. For a long time he stood—not thinking, only gazing heavy-headed and vacant.

After a time he pulled his ponies' heads up from the grass and trotted them away. Growing composed with his blood stilled, thoughts came slowly. He thanked the little brown bat when it reminded him of his savior. A furious flood of disappointment overcame him when he thought of his

lifelong ambitions as a warrior—now only dry white ashes. Could he go back to the village and tell all? The council of the Red Lodges would not listen to his voice as they had before. When he spoke they would cast their eyes on the ground in sorrow. The Thunder Bird had demanded a sacrifice from him when he returned. He could not bear the thoughts of the wailing women and the screaming children and the old men smoking in silence as he passed through the camp. He would not go back. He had died with his warriors.

When the lodges lay covered with snow the Chis-chis-chash sang songs to the absent ones of the Fire Eater band. Through the long, cold nights the women sat rocking and begging the gods to bring them back their warriors. .The green-grass came and the prophet of the Red Lodges admitted that the medicine spoke no more of the absent By yellow-grass hope grew cold in the village and socially they had readjusted themselves. It had happened in times past that even after two snows had come and gone warriors had found the path back to the camp, but now men saw the ghost of the Fire Eater in dreams, together with his lost warriors.

Another snow passed and still another. The Past had grown white in the shadows of an all-enduring Present when the Chischis-chash began to hear vague tales from their traders of a mighty war-chief who had come down to the Shoshones from the clouds. He was a great "wakan" and he spoke the same language as the Chis-chischash. This chief said he had been a Chevenne in his former life on earth, but had been sent back to be a Shoshone for another life. The Indians were overcome by an insatiate curiosity to see this being and urged the traders to bring him from the Shoshones-promising to protect and honor him.

The traders, dominated by avarice, hoping to better their business, humored the stories and enlarged upon them. They half understood that the mystery of life and death is inextricably mixed in savage minds—that they come and go, passing in every form from bears to inanimate things or living in ghosts which grow out of a lodge fire. So for heavy considerations in beaver skins they sent representatives to the Shoshones, and there, for an armful of baubles, they pre-

vailed upon those people to allow their supernatural war-chief to visit his other race out on the great meadows.

"If, in the time of the next green-grass," said the trader, "the Chis-chis-chash have enough beaver—we will bring their brother who died back to their camp. We will lead him into the tribal council. If, on the other hand, they do not have enough skins, our medicine will be weak."

In the following spring the tribe gathered at the appointed time and place, camping near the post. The big council-lodge was erected, the great ceremonial-pipe filled and the council-fire kept smoldering.

When the pipe had passed slowly and in form, the head-chief asked the trader if he saw beaver enough outside his window. This one replied that he did and sent for the man who had been dead.

The council sat in silence with its eyes upon the ground. From the commotion outside they felt an awe of the strange approach. Never before had the Chis-chischash been so near the great mystery. The door-flap was lifted and a fully painted, gorgeously arrayed warrior stepped into the center of the circle and stood silently with raised chin.

There was a loud murmur on the outside that the lodge was like a grave. A loud grunt came from one man—followed by another until the hollow walls gave back like a hundred tom-toms. They recognized the Fire Eater, but no Indian calls another by his name.

Raising his hand with the dignity which Indians have in excess of all other men, he said: "Brothers, it makes my heart big to look at you again. I have been dead, but I came to life again. I was sent back by the gods to complete another life on earth. The Thunder Bird made the Yellow-Eyes kill all my band when we went against the Absaroke. My medicine grew weak before the white man's medicine. Brothers, they are very strong. Always beware of the medicine of the traders and the beaver-men. They are fools and women themselves, but the gods give them guns and other medicine things. He can make them see what is to happen long before he tells the Indians. They have brought me back to my people, and my medicine says I must be a Chis-chischash until I die again. Brothers, I have made my talk."

(To be concluded.)



Drawn by Peter Newell

"I WAS SO SEASICK THAT I ASKED THE CAPTAIN EF HE'D EXCUSE ME FROM DOOTY

The Cannibals and Mr. Buffum

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS



HE delightful thing about Uncle Eli, Connecticut farmer, was that his mendacity was perfectly shameless. He had lived in Oakham with never a break for fifty years, and all his voyages had been sailed before he was twenty, but he would tell yarns to admiring summer folk or to

store loungers that were as full of anachronisms as one of Shakespeare's plays, and in more than one of his adventures on tropic isles when he was a boy the automobile figured.

Somehow, Uncle Eli was so honest and so

guileless-looking, and he was such a kindhearted man, that no one ever thought of doubting his stories while he was telling them.

The Oakham store was typical of its kind—a white, slant-roofed building with a second-story veranda, and a generous entrance approached by a wide flight of steps capable of accommodating twenty "tired"

Opposite towered lofty elms, that roofed the wide road on which games of "quoits" and wicket employed the time of the more elderly on summer evenings. The youngsters thought wicket too slow and would have liked to play baseball there, but wicket had been played at that particular spot ever since "Squire" Beckley was a boy, and so baseball was relegated to other quarters.

Uncle Eli was one of the best of the wicket bowlers, and one evening, after it had grown too dark to play, he had turned a handspring just to show that seventy-year muscles were lithe if you took care of them.

He took his seat on a shoe-case that was standing by the door and fanned himself

with his hat.

"Hot as the Sea of Aden." said he, looking around with a hope in his mind that bore immediate fruit.

"Kind of a good night to tell one of them sea-varns of yours, Uncle Eli," said Bill

Newton.

"Well," said Eli, with his quaint smile, "I guess you've heard most of the yarns I know about the places I've visited in my time, but I don't know's I ever told you about old Buffum and the cannibals.

As Uncle Eli never repeated his yarns, there were not wanting several loiterers to tell him to go ahead. A cannibal story was always alluring.

The old man helped himself from Bill's

pouch, and then he began.

"I was makin' my second voyage on the ship Mary and Ellen out of Gloucester. We had taken a millionaire of the name of Buffum aboard, because he wanted to see if sea-air and plain livin' would give him back the stomach he had begun life with.

"He was a pompous old duck and I didn't like him. Wealth never appealed to me to any great extent, and I couldn't see why this old chap should act as if he was presidin' at a board meetin' of millionaires when he was the only man on board the vessel that wasn't earnin' his livin'.

"But he smoothed his gray side-whiskers and looked solemn and nodded to the captain as if he was the scum of the earth. And the captain always nodded to him as if

he was the scum of the earth.

"We'd reached that p'int in the Indian Ocean where there's always a whirlpool, and before we knowed what was comin' we was in the midst of it and twirlin' end for end like one of these spinnin'-jennies the children make.

"I was so seasick that I asked the captain ef he'd excuse me from dooty for the afternoon, and the captain was so seasick that he excused me, although it warn't his way to excuse anybody from anything.

"We whirled for a couple of hours, and at last we got to the center of the pool and were sucked down.

"I'll never forget that. The noise was something terrible, like as if the hull ocean was b'ilin' at once, and as I saw the blue sky above me and reflected on everything I'd ever done since I was born, I'd have given a dollar bill to be safe on shore again.

'After a while the sound stopped, and I felt wet all over, and the next I knew I was clingin' to a spar, and near by was the millionaire on another spar and beyond him was a box a-floatin' in the water.

"'Hello!' says I to the millionaire, although I'd never spoke to him before. 'Can you tell me the nearest way to the coast?' says I.

"'I'm a stranger in these parts,' says he, with the board-meetin' manner still on him.

"'Stranger and stranger,' said I, meanin' the two of us. 'Well, I hope we'll find what we want in that ther' case, and I hope we won't be cast on a cannibal shore,' says I.

"He didn't answer, for, you see, I was only a cabin-boy and he was one of the richest men in Boston and his mother was

a Saltonstall.

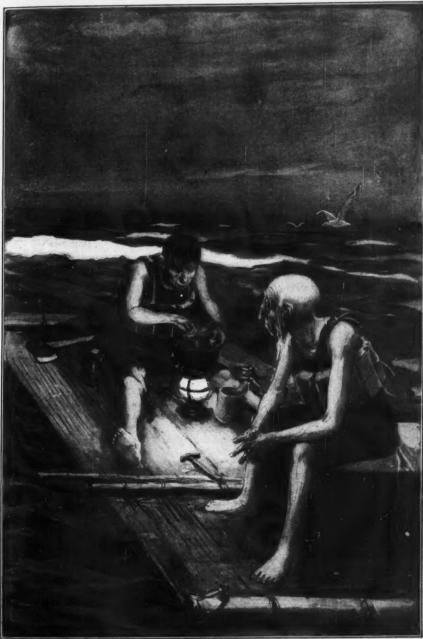
"Water was warm, as is always the case in them tropic seas, but it warn't too warm for comfort, and as we had floated away from the whirlpool owin' to some force that I never could rightly understand but am willin' to accept, there warn't no danger of immejiate dissolution. And, by the way, the rest of the crew had be'n picked up by a passin' vessel when they come out of the whirlpool, so things might ha' be'n worse.

"We could see land about a league to the windward of us-I say to the windward, but I don't know if it was or not, only in tellin' a sea-yarn you've got to lug in sea-terms to make the thing natural.

"I says to the millionaire, 'If I had a hatchet I'd open that case and see if it contained anything of an eatable nature.'

Just then I see something floatin' on the water, and I paddled over on the spar, usin' my hands and legs. I'm blest if it warn't an ax with a basswood handle. I suppose that's what kep' it afloat.

"I picked it up, and paddled over to the box and asked the millionaire to lend a hand, but he said he was havin' all he could do to keep afloat, so I gave him a contemptuous look, and I got to work at the case



Draws by Peter Newell

"WE MADE SOUP OVER THE CHIMNEY WITH A LITTLE YANKEE CONTRAPTION"

and found it was one of these 'handy companions,' as they used to call 'em. There was a house on Commercial Street in Boston used to pack 'em for seafarin' folk, puttin' in things that would come in handy

if a person was shipwrecked.

"But before I started to make a raft, I says to the millionaire a few plain words. I wasn't eighteen, but I was always independent and felt that, barrin' circumstances. I was as good as the next man, and I was sure I was better than this old screw who'd made his money skinnin' folks, and so I says: 'Look here, Mr. Buffum'-that was his name, Alonzo Buffum-'we are two human bein's, and I have the advantage over you by forty years. Let it be share and share alike of work, and when we come to civilization, if we do ever git there, I'll promise not to butt into your set if you'll promise not to try to effect an entrance into the society I'm used to and which wouldn't

"Well, he said something in a hotpotato voice about impudence, and then I quoted Emerson to him. I forgit what I quoted, as I haven't read him since I growed up, but when I was a boy I used to know him down to Concord and I liked the feelin' of independence he put into youngsters like me, although I didn't always understand what he was drivin' at.

"What I quoted made him wince, and I see that he see the p'int and that both of us was free and equal in the sight of cannibals

excep'n' that I was juicier.

"Then I ripped off the cover of the case, and found that ther' was two life-preservers in the top. That's what had kept it afloat. I gave him one, and when I fixed it over his shoulders he said, 'Thank you,' and that was the first I knowed he had any humanity in him at all.

"The openin' of that case was just like Christmas celebrations in a Sunday-school.

"First there was a dozen cans of soup and an alcohol-lamp and a bottle of alcohol and a five-pound package of assorted nails and a hammer and a lookin'-glass and a dozen packages of plug-tobacca and a compass and a bottle of Medford rum and a bottle of Jamaica ginger and a bottle of cholera mixture and a dozen or so cans of Chicago beef and a ham and a carvin'knife and a box of clothes-pins and a package of hairpins-these last was of surprisin' use to us, although at the moment

of findin' them I thought them unnecessary. I havin' no back hair and Buffum none on

top.
"Then there was a pair of carpet slippers, too small for me, but they just fitted Buffum; and there was a couple of pairs of bathin'suits, which we put on at once, as there was no tellin' who we'd meet when we got ashore.

"There was lots of other things, includin' enough four-inch plank to make a fairsized raft. Buffum warn't no earthly use with the hammer or the ax, so I had to build it myself, and it was dark before we finished, but when it was done I lit a lantern I found-also found a can of kerosene-and we made soup over the chimney with a little Yankee contraption.

"I never was much on soup before that, but the sea-air and the exercise gave me such an appetite that I thought that soup was most lickin' good, and so did Buffum. Asked for a second helpin', which gave me a poor idee of his table manners.

"Oh, I forgot to say that the last thing we found in the box was a phonograph, with recordin' and reproducin' cylinders. That seemed useless as the hairpins at the time, but in the end it saved our lives.

"I remember it was the time of the gold excitement in Californy, and the cylinders were wrapped up in a San Francisco paper that told of the arrival of the Argonauts of '49. They had just come to town and were whoopin' things up before beginnin' diggin'. Funny how things like that will stick by

"We lay to all night, and at sunup next mornin' I h'isted the little leg-of-mutton sail that we had found in the box, together with one of these here portable masts, and I fastened the aluminum rudder to the place I chose as stern, and we sailed for

the shore.

"It was a beautiful beach, splendid for bathin', and the first thing we did after we had landed and pulled our raft up above high tide was to take a sea-bath. It was most exhilaratin' after our long exposure, and I dare say it saved our lives.

"Then we set up the bread-mixin' machine, and I built an oven out of the bricks that had been packed away in the handy companion, and used some of the dry yeast we found in a cardboard box. It didn't make as good bread as liquid yeast would have made, but still we warn't in a position to carp—that is, I wasn't. I believe that the bread disagreed with old Buffum.

"Of course, it was some hours before the bread was ready, and we took a couple of pails and went blackberryin' and got a couple of quarts of Lawton blackberries, and also some Asiatic berries that I don't

guess. We did lack salt. Queerest thing they should have left salt out of the handy companion! But old Buffum went up into the woods a little ways and he found a piece of rock-salt that we ground fine in the coffee-mill, and it did fairly well, although it was kind of brackish.



Drawn by Peter Nemell

"THE NOISE OF THAT ADDED TO MY OWN VOICE MADE 'EM FEEL THAT I WAS NO ORDINARY PERSON

know the name of, but they was acrid and good for nothin' but cannin'.

"When the bread was baked, I told Buffum to set the table, and I took some fishin'-tackle and swum out to beyond the breakers, and havin' baited my hook with an Asiatic helgamite that I found under a rock, I caught a bluefish in no time, and if we didn't have a nice dinner I miss my

"So far we hadn't seen a person or even a footprint, but just as we was eatin' our dessert of blackberries and cream-puffsthe cream-puffs was in hermetically sealed jars and they was as fresh as when they had been made in Boston six months beforewe heard a wild halloo and a band of cannibals came down on us.

"There were seven of 'em as naked as a

babe but not half as helpless, and when I 'saw 'em I thought our jig was up; but I'd heard from fellers that had traveled a good deal that music and an absence of fear was splendid safeguards among savage folk, and so I begun to hop up and down and sing 'In My Prison Cell I Sit, Thinkin' Mother Dear of You.' Buffum looked as if he thought I'd gone plumb crazy, and he started and ran for the sea, intendin' to put water between him and them.
"But I just glanced at them and sang

harder than ever, and I also put some coffee in the bean into the coffee-mill-they was among the things that had come in the handy companion-and I ground the coffee fine, and the noise of that added to my own voice made 'em feel that I was no

ordinary person.

"They made a wide turn to the right to pass me and went right out into the water

to catch Buffum.

"He looked so foolish actin' the part of a coward that I stopped singin' and began to roar with laughter, and that made all the cannibals stand stockstill and stare at me. It seems they'd never heard laughter before, and I learned afterward that when I laughed they made sure I was a god of some kind.

"But as soon as I stopped laughin', they waded on out after Buffum and he begun

to tell 'em who he was.

"'I'm one of the richest men in Boston,' says he, 'and my influence is great. If you spare me, I'll send you a ransom so big that you won't have to lift a hand for the

rest of your days.'

"Of course, he might as well kept his mouth shut, for cannibals can't talk English-that is, they ain't born with the ability. But I found out one thing. They couldn't swim, and as Buffum was tall he was able to wade out further than they, and as they had no weapons he was in no immejiate danger of anything but death from drownin'.

"But he didn't realize that his tallness gave him an advantage over them, and he stood there and shivered in the water, almost bein' knocked over by the waves.

Luckily the tide was go'n' out.

"But in spite of his fear, he kept on tellin' 'em who he was. 'I'm no ordinary man,' says he. 'Just let me get at my check-book and I can draw checks that would pay for solid blocks of buildin's

with all the modern improvements on this island. I'm too thin,' says he, 'to be of any use for eatin', but if you spare my life and get word to my folks your names 'll be in every paper in the United States and I can give you tips on the market.'

"That was too much for me, I remember, and I sings out: 'What do you suppose they'd know about tips on the market, even if they understood a word of what you're sayin'? You've got to learn their language,' I says, 'and then maybe you'll impress 'em with your all-fired importance.'

"Then I had a happy thought, I picked up a piece of wood that the waves had washed ashore and I made signs to the chief of the cannibals that I wanted to show him something, laughing fit to kill all the

while so's he'd be impressed.

"He come up kind of gingerly, and I made little circles in the sand to represent money and then I slapped my thigh as if I was hittin' my change-pocket. I thought perhaps they had dealt with traders of some kind, and they evidently had, for the cannibal chief said a word that sounded like 'shillin'.' I said 'shillin'' after him, and pointed to the pictures in the sand, and he nodded his head and pointed to the sea and made a noise like a steamer's whistle, as much as to say that he had seen money on a steamer-evidently an English steamer from their havin' shillin's.

"I was pretty good at drawin', and I drew a big picture of the millionaire, only I put sailor's clothes on him and made his pockets bulgin' with money and droppin' out to the ground and formin' heaps.

"The chief was surer than ever I was a god then, because them cannibals can't draw at all, and he understood what I meant, that the frightened chap in the water had heaps of money. Then I made signs that it would all go to him and his heirs and assigns forever if he would not

kill us and eat us.

"Well, the contempt of that cannibal for that idee was laughable. He shook his head, and came over to the picture and spit on it. That was pretty good English, I thought, and I saw that Buffum's influence wasn't go'n' to be very much, in spite of his wealth. Of course, when a man lives on an island and has all the fish he can catch and all the birds he can hit with a club-penguins they call 'em-and all the fruit he can shin up and get, or pick



Drawn by Peter Newell

"I WENT OVER TO A PA'M-TREE AND CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF IT"

from the bushes, includin' fine Lawton blackberries at nothin' a quart, money ain't worth a cent to him.

"While I was explainin' just who Buffum was, and also tryin' to explain by signs the social position of Back Bay families—which I found hard to do—a sort of a seventh wave of a seventh wave come up and catchin' Buffum unawares, landed him on the beach right at the feet of the cannibals, and they nabbed him.

"As soon as the chief saw they had him, he left me, evidently thinkin' that one meal at a time was all they wanted, and the howlin' mob of savages run Buffum out of sight on the double-quick.

"I stood there like a fool until they had

dropped over the sandhill, and then I ran over to the handy companion and begun rummagin' to find a firearm of some sort, but if you'll believe it, there warn't even a toy pistol.

toy pistol.
"But I did come across the phonograph, and the very minute I saw it I thought that there was an invention that would come in very handy.

"I was pretty sure that the cannibals would fatten Buffum for a day or two, because there wasn't even pickin' on him as he was.

"I thought a minute, feelin' kind of desperate, and then a plan of full growth come into my head and I went over to a pa'm-tree and climbed to the top of it, from which I could see the entire island. It was about four miles long and three miles across, and except for a few sandhills it was level. I saw the huts of the cannibals in the center of it. There was about twenty of 'em. Rememberin' the census reports and how they reckon five to a family in large cities, I reckoned that twenty huts would mean about a hundred cannibals.

"I slid down again and hunted up a field-glass, and then I climbed up again and saw the seven leadin' Buffum along, and they'd got word to the village by means of signs of some sort—those savages have the telephone beat by native contrivances—but anyways the fellers in the interior about two miles away knew that dinner was comin' to them, and they were all standin' on a big sort of sand-dune and I was able to count 'em, and there was just ninety-three. I tell you them census fellers hits it pretty close.

"But one hundred cannibals against one Yankee boy with nothin' but his wits and the handy companion was kind of undue odds ag'in me. Of course, Buffum didn't count. Without his money he was cipher plus naught equals nothin'.

"I had spied out the cannibals because I wanted to see if they was out of earshot, and findin' they was, I set the phonograph on the closed lid of the handy companion and I begun to make a record. First I hollered into it like thunder, then I laughed as hard as I could, and then I sung 'Shoo Fly' into it, and ended with another beller.

"Then I tried the thing to see how she'd work, and I had half a mind to smash it with the ax for insinuatin' that my voice

sounded as bad as that.

"Now, when the cannibal chief had first come to me, he had said something that sounded kind of dignified, and then he had drawn himself up and pointed to his chest, and I felt pretty middlin' sure that he was sayin', 'I am the chief'—that is, in his own cannibal language.

"I used to have a pretty quick ear to catch unfamiliar sounds, and I took another cylinder and talked and hollered and sang into it pretty much as before, endin' up with these remarks of the chief. Then I tried it, and it sounded just like his

words, although the voice was squeakier. Even in them days phonographs

warn't perfect.

"'Now,' says I, 'if I can only get those cannibals to the point of believin' that they have offended the Great Spirit, I'll be able to get Buffum out of their clutches and they may be able to help us in gettin' back to civilization—and the Back Bay.'

"When I had finished preparin' the phonograph, I climbed the tree with it and fixed it in a cleft between two branches, trustin' to luck for a chance to

use it.

"Well, the chance come very soon. While I was up there, I saw that the party of seven had reached the village and that there was a great commotion in camp. Evidently the chief had told 'em that there was a stouter person left behind, and the



Drawn by Peter Newell

"SOME ONE WAS FEEDIN" HIM CHUNKS OF SOMETHING TO FATTEN HIM"

hull kit and crew of 'em was comin' to

"They had chained Buffum to a thick post, and some one was feedin' him chunks of something to fatten him.

"I'd wondered how I'd manage to work

the phonograph, but when I saw them comin' I had a new thought and stayed up in the tree, covering the machine so that it couldn't be seen from below.

"I wasn't afraid. I knew if the thing didn't work I'd be food in a day or two, but I warn't more'n eighteen and I had the confidence of youth. I was also bent on showin' old Buffum that brains was better'n money any day in the week, and the Back Bay didn't cut much ice in the Indian Ocean.

"Along they come a-runnin', and when they reached the place where I had been, the chief looked around for me, and then he looked out to sea, and then he clapped his hands and flung 'em apart to show that

I had vanished.

"But an old woman, or squaw, or whatever you would call a female cannibal, happened to glance up and saw me in the tree, and she told the chief and he looked up. Then he raised his voice, and looking at me, he said something commandin' that sounded like 'Mobi yana!'

"I guessed that he was sayin', 'Come down,' so I said it after him, raisin' my voice as if askin' a question, and he nodded his head and looked considerable surprised to think that I knew his language to any extent whatever. Which was a p'int in my favor.

Drawn by Peter Newell

"I RUBBED MY CHEEK AGAINST HIS"

"I nodded my head also, and begun to open and shut my mouth as if I was eatin' something, and pointed to myself. He shook his head, but he also instinctively patted his stomach, and I knew what that meant, so I was on my guard against a

sudden sur-

prise.

"I started to come down, but before doin' so I bellered, and then I gave a short sharp yell, and then I sung 'Shoo Fly,' and then I laughed, but I didn't say what he'd said. which meant, 'I am the chief.' I wanted that to come later. Then I hid what I was doin' by interposin' my body, and wound up the machine and she begun to whir.

"When I was halfway down, the phonograph reached the talkin' part, and I clasped the

trunk of the tree with my legs and leaned back sailor-fashion, lookin? down at the cannibals with my mouth tight shut.

"Out of the tree far above me came the sounds I had made a minute before, as if they was on their way up to the skies, and that's what I wanted the chief and his people to think was happenin'. I wanted him to think I was the ruler of that part of the world.

"And he did think so, you bet. I'll never forget the way his mouth opened and his eyes begun to pop. And all the squat, pot-bellied, black-skinned cannibals around him stared and gawped like one of these comic pictures of a countryman on Broadway.

"When the machine had finished 'Shoo Fly' and the laughin', it said 'I am the chief,' and the hull bunch of 'em turned and run into the water. Geewhittaker, but I'd liked to have died laughin' and I did laugh; for I knew that laughin' was one

of my strong holds.

"Frightened is no name for it. Those fellers would have given me anything they owned, they were so sure that I was a Great Spirit. A man who could leave his voice behind him and yet have it say things was something they didn't meet every day in the week."

"I knew I was perfectly safe then, so I slid down and walked around a little on the balls of my feet to make me higher, and I looked at 'em with the whites of my eves showin' pretty big, and then I had another inspiration and I said 'Mobi,' which I calculated meant 'Come,' and I said it pleasantly, and the chief he said after me 'Mobi?' as if askin' a question, and I nodded my head and he come out of the water, and I rubbed my cheek against his, havin' read in a boy's book that that was the proper thing to do to a savage. I've learned since that it's an insult to some of them East Indian tribes, but it was just the thing with these people, and I found out afterwards that it was a clincher and showed that, although I was a spirit, I was a good spirit.

"After that, there warn't anything too good for me. I believe they would have let me eat Buffum if I had so desired, but Buffum was too rich for my blood—as the

boys say.

"The first thing I did was to make 'em understand that they must release Buffum. I took a stick and I drew a picture in the sand showing Buffum chained to a stake and bein' fed, and that nearly keeled the chief over, that I should know what they had done to him. Of course, field-glasses were unknown to him, and I took precious good care not to let him see them.

"Somehow he took it into his head that Buffum was my servant. Some of the men, by the chief's orders, cut some cane, and they wove a mat out of it and placed me on it, and I rode in state to their village. Buffum was tickled to death to see me.

"'Oh, save me, save me!' says he, as

soon as I hove in sight.

"'You're all right,' I says to him. 'You're not worth savin', you coward, but I've made it right with the chief and you're to be released.'

"Bein' only eighteen, I suppose I was

what the boys nowadays call chesty, and maybe I ought not to have talked the way I did to a man who lived on the Back Bay when he was to home and who could have bought out all my relatives back to the landin' of the Pilgrims, but I didn't like him and I showed it.

"It was funny to see the way the chief acted when he'd released Buffum. He made signs for him to wait on me, takin' from my tones that I was reprovin' my servant, and from that time on Buffum had to look after me. I told him it was no wish of mine, for I'd be'n taught by my mother to respect gray hairs to a certain extent, but after all, I thought, if he hadn't grubbed so hard after money, maybe he wouldn't have had so many gray hairs and so wouldn't have be'n entitled to so much respect.

"I might have been king of that island to this day, and there's wuss places, but when after a month a British steamer stopped there to see if they could get any ivory, I wasn't sorry to take passage on her. I'd taught them blackskins it was wrong to eat human bein's, and I'd taught 'em to treat Buffum as if he was a man instead of a money-grubber, so I felt I'd done some good in the Indian Ocean.

"And I climbed that pa'm and got the phonograph, but I dropped it comin' down and smashed it or I might have it yet."

"Did the cannibals give you anything to remember 'em by?" asked Bill Newton, as Uncle Eli rose to stretch his legs. During the recital not a person had said a word, which was something of a tribute to the old man.

"They gave me a big ivory tusk worth a good many pounds, but I mislaid it."

"Did Buffum ever pay you for savin' his life?"

"Well," said Uncle Eli, "he done pretty well for him. When he got back to Boston and I'd gone to Gloucester, he wrote me a postal. All it said onto it was: 'Buy C. T. & X. to-morrow.' That was a tip, and if I'd had money I'd have bought C. T. & X. and would have made thousands, as she went up twenty p'ints in two days, but a sailor on shore never has much on hand and I was no better'n other sailors.

"But it showed that the meanest man may have good instincts, and since that day I've had no hard feelin's for old Buffum."



A MODERN ELECTRIC KITCHEN

Electricity's Farthest North

BY GEORGE H. GUY

Secretary of the New York Electrical Society

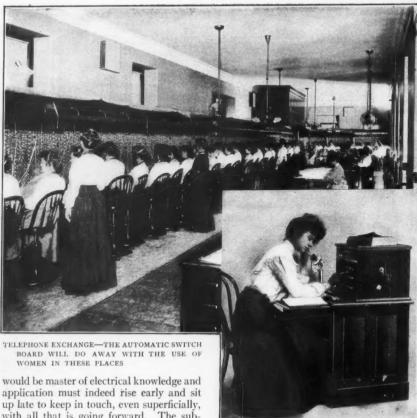


N a recent letter to a friend, Mr. Edison, referring to the valuable statistics of the United States Census Office on electricity, remarked that such figures could hardly be collected too often; because ten years in electrical development were equal to a lifetime in any other field. A cursory

survey of electrical progress at any moment, and particularly at the present time, confirms the accuracy of Mr. Edison's pregnant remark. Although four thousand millions of dollars are now invested in electrical work in America, and although some of the industries, such as telegraphy, are three-quarters of a century old, the whole electrical domain

seethes and ferments with discovery, invention, experiment and bewildering forecast. Every day something new is discussed or put into actual use for the benefit of mankind. No greater example of the increasing importance of electrical appliances can be afforded than the extraordinary use made of the wireless telegraph and the telephone in the recent Russo-Japanese war, where they were active factors in bringing that bloody struggle quickly to a close.

A survey is given in the present article of some of the newer developments in the electrical field, outside of warfare, and limited solely to the arts of peace. It will be seen that in every branch of the science a new development is treading hot upon the achievement of the past, and that he who



SOON TO BE OUT OF A JOB

with all that is going forward. The subjects here briefly presented in no wise exhaust the list, but are merely typical of the leading lines of thought and endeavor to which electrical inventors and engineers are now directing their efforts.

While the best work with wireless has been done across large bodies of water, some remarkable results have been secured on land. Marconi has sent messages from England across the continent of Europe to Italy, and Dr. De Forest transmitted from St. Louis to Chicago, during the Louisiana Exposition in 1904. In the late Russo-Japanese war effective use of wireless was made by both combatants. It was also utilized most successfully by the London Times, whose special correspondent, provided with an American system on board a small steamer, was able to send dispatches to the Chinese coast directly from the neighborhood of Port Arthur.

The mechanism for the sending of messages consists broadly of apparatus for generating electro-magnetic vibrations or waves, which are projected through the air or ether, at infinitely high speed, in all directions. These waves may be compared with the vibrations imparted to the surrounding air by the sound of a bell or tuning fork. An illustration that has been used before to make clear to the lay mind the way in which wireless messages are conveyed, is that of the casting of a stone into a pond. By this. action waves are set up which circle out-ward toward the bank. If a sensitive receiver, with recorder, be placed on the bank, it will be influenced by the lap of each wave, and the recording apparatus would indicate the number and force of the undulations.

In just the same way, the waves set up at the transmitting end of a wireless system, pass in laps of infinite swiftness across the ether, and are impressed and recorded on the apparatus at the receiving end.

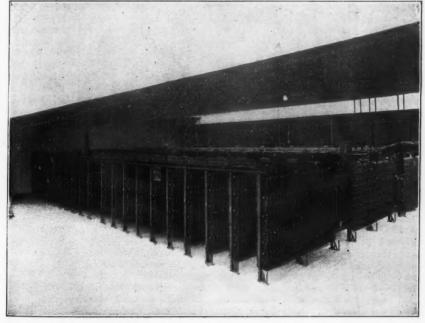
The trend of improvement in modern telephony is, more than anything else, toward abridging the time that is occupied in putting the caller into communication with his interlocutor; and one of the most important steps of late years has been the substitution of the flash of a tiny lamp on the switch board in front of the telephone girl in place of the little numbered shutter which is caused to drop by the influence of an electric magnet. The "central" energyboard with the lamp signal is rapidly driving out the little magnet drop-board, but, in turn, its banishment is now threatened by the automatic switch board. This entirely modern utilitarian device operates altogether without human intervention; in other words, the telephone girl is no longer needed. A numbered mechanism is placed at the subscriber's office, which by a step-by-step movement enables him to call up a distant

friend without anyone at the "central" taking a hand in bringing the two wires together in one speaking circuit. At first, this task seemed attended with insuperable difficulties; but to-day exchanges of five to ten thousand subscribers are operated on this plan, with apparatus that is distinctly American in its origin and its ingenuity. One of the latest telephone contracts is that for the island of Cuba, where the fair city of Havana is to have a central automatic exchange of twenty thousand subscribers' station capacity.

The telautograph, or writing telegraph, is steadily advancing in popular esteem, and making for itself a distinct place in modern business life. The machine reproduces at one end of a line an exact facsimile of drawings, diagrams, or handwriting made at the other end. It is being utilized on railroads, in banks, large office-buildings, department stores and government and public offices where quick electrical communication that preserves record of the message

is desired. In banks it is used as a private

line between the bookkeeper and the paying



AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE SWITCH BOARD, NOW SUCCESSFULLY OPERATED IN EXCHANGES OF TEN THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS. IT WILL EVENTUALLY RENDER THE TELEPHONE-GIRL AN UNNECESSARY FACTOR IN TELEPHONY

teller and the certification department. A customer may come in to cash a check. The paying teller, in doubt as to his account, writes on the telautograph his name and the amount of the check presented. This is reproduced at the bookkeeper's desk, and before the money is counted out by the teller, the bookkeeper replies with the amount standing to the customer's credit. Neither the man outside the window nor anyone near him has any idea that his account is being inquired into. One club in New Yor's has three telautograph lines run-

ning to the kitchen: one from the dining-room, one from the card-room. and a third from the billiard-room. A member places his order for dinner with the head of the café waiters. who writes it on the telautograph in both diningroom and kitchen at the same time. Thus the table is set and the meal is prepared simultaneously, and quick and satisfactory service is ensured. This device is also em-

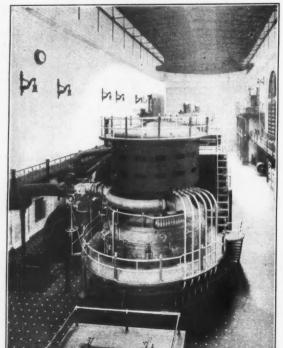
ployed by stage managers for giving directions to the orchestra leader, and for many other purposes for which the speaking tube or the telephone would be impracticable.

A new departure in the field of electric lighting is the mercury-vapor electric lamp. This lamp consists of a glass tube having a metal sealing-in wire at each end. The wires lead the current to the electrodes, one

of which is mercury. The tube is exhausted to a high degree. The two ends of the tube are provided with bulbs, one of which, the larger, is called a condensing chamber. The lamp may be hung in any position. It is started by tilting the tube so that the mercury flows from one electrode to the other in a small stream. The mercury momentarily connects the two electrodes, and as the stream breaks, the current passes and an arc is formed, which increases the vapor pressure. The vapor then becomes luminous. What in some

cases may be regarded as a drawback to the use of this very econo mical light is the fact that it is deficient in the red rays of the spectrum, so that most colored objects on which it falls appear differently tinted than when illumined by daylight. Black and white are not affected. Blue, green and yellow are intensified; while red appears black or dark purple. The use of this lamp in a drawingroom, or a ballroom

would hardly be well advised, as the effect on the complexions of the guests would be neither natural nor flattering. Attempts are being made to overcome this objection. Various chemicals—notably cadmium—are mixed with the mercury electrodes, which give a yellow or reddish tinge to the light; and the early production of a commercial lamp embodying this improvement is regarded as

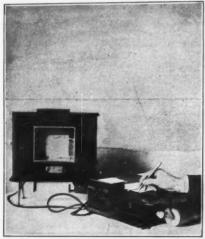


TURBO-GENERATOR—DYNAMO DRIVEN BY STEAM TURBINE. THIS FORM OF CURRENT PRODUCER IS RAPIDLY REPLACING THE ENGINE-DRIVEN DYNAMO

probable. Another suggestion of great merit is to combine with the vapor lamp, in the same lantern, a small incandescent lamp, which, being rich in red rays, would temper the quality of the pure mercury-vapor light. A third plan is to fix underneath the lamp a large reflector, the inner surface of which is painted with rhodamine, a dye which imparts a red tint to any light impinging upon it. The degree of redness can be modified by the adjustment of the reflector.

But while this question of the nature of the light is being grappled with, the lamp is being widely used for many purposes for which its present qualities are a positive advantage. Although weak in red rays, the light is strong in the actinic rays at the opposite end of the spectrum, and it is remarkably easy on the eyes. For offices, where much clerical work is done by artificial light, it is of the greatest benefit; and draughtsmen, designers and architects. and others whose work requires close application at the drawing board, find its use very desirable. It is also much employed in storehouses, freight stations, and places where goods are handled at night, in newspaper offices, and, preeminently, in photography, and in the production of scenic effects on the stage. It is claimed that the light is twice as efficient as the ordinary arc lamp, and has seven times the efficiency of the incandescent electric lamp.

Another interesting development in methods of electric illumination is the "artificial daylight" of a new vacuum-tube lamp. In this lamp the electric current is conducted by a very small quantity of non-metallic gas, which is placed inside the air-exhausted One appreciable advantage possessed by the lamp is that great length can be given to its tubes, and, consequently, an enlarged surface can be used for the emission of light. This gives a uniformity of illumination that it would be difficult otherwise to obtain. Another point in its favor is its long life. Its efficiency is high, as the energy is converted almost entirely into light-energy, practically little or no heat energy being produced. This creation of light without heat has therefore been called "cold light." The tubes can be made the fraction of an inch or many inches in diameter, and from one inch to hundreds of feet long. They can also be bent into any shape, thus giving a remarkable flexibility of



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TELAUTOGRAPH OR WRITING-TELEGRAPH, USED IN MANY WAYS IN BUSINESS LIFE

adaptation to all conditions. The lamp looks like a long cylinder of densely white smoke. The effect produced by the illumination of a room by this light, placed behind a projecting cornice near the ceiling, and out of the line of vision, is remarkably beautiful. There are no disturbing blotches of brightness: the apartment is filled with a luminous glow of moonlight quality, and the perfect diffusion gives a delightful sense of rest and artistic harmony. This lamp is coming into demand for both exterior and interior illumination, and especially for the lighting of photographers' windows and studios, advertising signs and spectacular displays. It has already been made in one hundred and twenty-five feet single lengths of tubing.

A new lamp which is full of promise, and which, in fact, is regarded by many as the "dark horse" of the lighting arena, is the tantalum. The filament of this incandescent lamp is of the metal tantalum, a rare element belonging to the same chemical group as bismuth and antimony. It is strong as steel, and more resistant than platinum to heat and chemical reagents. Its high melting-point enables the slender wire of the filament to be pushed to a radiancy far above that practicable with the Edison carbon filament, and with only half the quantity of current it gives a finer and whiter light than the ordinary glow lamp.



THE NEW WONDER OF ELECTRO-THERAPY-HOW RADIUM IS USED IN THE TREATMENT OF CANCER AND OTHER DISEASES

If certain features of fragility in this lamp can be so overcome it may create a radical change in the electric-lighting situation. The osmium incandescent lamp is another novelty with much to recommend it; but, like the tantalum, it must be denuded of some undesirable characteristics before it can be regarded as a serious rival to even the present form of the carbon-filament lamp perfected by Edison twenty-five years ago and still "holding the belt."

In modern electric-railway work great advances have been made during the past year away from the approved and standard methods, in the adoption of alternatingcurrent apparatus as distinguished from direct-current apparatus. The great difficulty in motors of the direct-current type has been that connected with the sparking at the commutator when high voltage is attempted, and the result is that no electric railways of such type have gone, so far, to pressures much above five hundred volts. With alternating - current apparatus, however, high economies can be obtained by resort to pressures of several thousand volts.

At Zossen, in Germany, railroad speeds of one hundred and forty miles an hour have been reached with three-phase alternating-

current motors, and a large number of other polyphase and single-phase roads have recently been started. At the present moment, the single-phase type is enjoying the greatest vogue, so that within the last month cr two the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, for the electrical equipment of its system, has placed an order for no fewer than twenty-five very large single-phase locomotives, to run into New York city from points as far out as Stamford, and ultimately, as far as New Haven. The single-phase railway is spreading rapidly over Europe, outside of city limits. It is claimed that with such methods and such apparatus the long distance problems of heavy traction in America will be really solved, although it is only two years ago that the New York Central placed an enormous order for direct-current apparatus for its electrical zone around New We thus find two rival electrical methods in sharp contrast and competition

at the present time.

While a great many people may think that for handling freight we are tied forever to locomotives, whether steam or electric, this is not the case, and a vast amount of work is already being done by electricity with methods of aerial transportation to which the name of "telpherage" has been applied. The system involves simply a track elevated in the air on poles, with a car or freight-burden running underneath, the power for transportation being supplied by a motor which gathers its current from the overhead wire or rail on which it travels. There are a great many advantages incident to this method, the three most notable being that almost any source of current may be used, that the freight may be transported in varying bulk; and that the ground around the factory or the farm, and even the highway, is relieved of tracks, which are always more or less of an impediment. It would seem that a freight train hauling grain over a Western farm, or a barge on the Erie Canal would be hard to beat for ability to get away with a vast amount of material; but, as a matter of fact, a number of little telphers, running continuously over an aerial line, and carrying but a few pounds or hundredweights at a time, can transport a tonnage that is simply incredible. It is the continuity of movement and service that does it. At the present time vast schemes embodying this principle are being worked out for the handling of ore and wheat and the produce of the soil in general. A view here shown illustrates the application of telpherage to a factory where previously all the raw material had to be hauled by a number of teams from the freight house by a roundabout route to the mill, and then hoisted slowly to the third floor on elevators. This has all been done away with by a fairly light pole-line, along which the telpher swings itself as easily as a boy with his

school bag. The telpher makes a speed of seven hundred feet a minute over this line, with a total moving load on the structure of twelve thousand pounds. One man at two dollars a day does work that previously required many teams and many men, and the current for the ten hours costs less than a dollar.

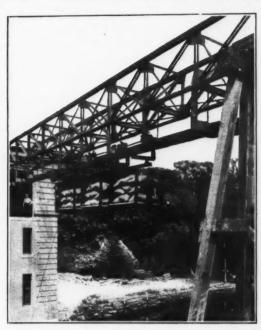
A traction novelty, more or less experimental, but quite interesting, is the gasoline electric stagecoach now in service on Fifth Avenue, New York. The coach has two motors, and one 40 horse-power gasoline engine. The engine is direct-connected to the dynamo. The speed of the coach is fifteen miles an hour on the level, and eight miles an hour on an eight per cent. grade. The vehicle holds twenty-eight passengers.

The generation of the electrical current is now undergoing a radical change, although the essential mechanical elements remain the same. During the past twenty-five years the steam engines for driving dynamos

have been of the reciprocating type that has prevailed since the time of Watt and Stephenson; but we are now harking back to the primary idea of two thousand years ago, and employing turbines, instead of engines. In turbines the force of the steam gives a continuous rotary movement, for which enormous economies are claimed with regard to space occupied and general features of operation. All the great modern electric stations are banishing their big steam engines, and it is said that not one is being built for them to-day. On the other hand, the steam turbines are growing

larger and larger and have reached a size of several thousand horse-power. The practice is to make the dynamo or generator an integral part of the machine, the whole unit being called a turbo-generator. It is interesting to note that the turbine principle has not merely conquered the electrical field, but has invaded the domain of the steamship.

Electric heating has so many advantages that its rapid growth is not surprising. In heating by gas or oil the products of combustion tend to vitiate the air of the room:



TELPHERAGE LINE AND TELPHER IN OPERATION—A NEW AND ECONOMICAL SYSTEM OF AERIAL TRANSPORTATION

in electric heating the purity of the atmosphere is in nowise impaired. It has been said that the saving in doctors' bills effected by the use of electric heating in a dwellinghouse is more than enough to pay for the extra cost of the current; and there are good reasons for regarding the statement as well founded. In street cars the electric heaters are usually placed in sets of four or six on the sides of the car directly under the seats. In order to protect the clothing of passengers from burning, they are enclosed in a box covered with a grating. The cost of heating cars by electricity varies accord-

ing to the cost of producing current, the size of the car and the climate in which the system is operated. It is estimated, however, that the average cost of heating a standard trolley car by electricity in an average winter in the northern parts of the Atlantic states, is equal to about two and one-quarter cents per hour, or forty and one-half cents per day of eighteen hours. In some cases, the cost falls to twenty-five cents per day. While electric heating makes the service more attractive, it increases the earning capacity of the car by saving room.

The Government Printing Office in Washington has a remarkably varied and efficient equipment of electrically - heated appliances. In the bindery are found glue heaters, glue cookers, case-making machines, finishers' tool heaters, and book-cover shaping machines, all heated by electricity.

A striking illustration of the application of electric heat to industrial purposes is that afforded by a hat factory in New Jersey, where no less than 250 horse-power of electrical energy is used for heating purposes. In the shaping process the very rough shape is placed on one or more blocks and then brought to the desired finishing shape by means of heat applied by irons. The brim of the hat is the heavier, and the crown the lighter portion, so that in finishing each part different degrees of heat are required. Electric irons, which enable any temperature to be definitely maintained at the proper point, are vastly more adaptable and efficient for this purpose than the gas jets formerly used. Not only is the new method more economical, but a smaller percentage of hats are injured in the process of finish-The workmen, moreover, greater comfort and better health.

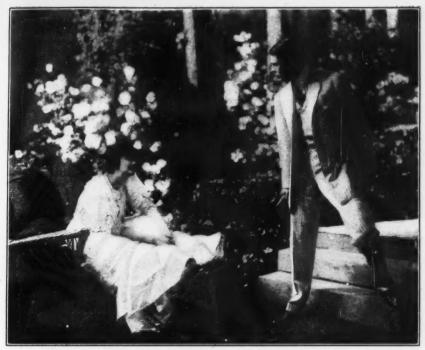
The number of kitchen utensils electrically heated is constantly increasing. Among them are the electric broiler, now made with grooved channels to catch the juices of the meat, the griddle-cake cooker and toaster, waffle-irons, coils for heating liquids, and electrically-heated rolls. In some parts of the country apartmenthouses have been constructed with complete electric kitchen equipments, and some large manufacturing establishments, such, for instance, as one in Schenectady, prepare the cooked food in their restaurants entirely by electricity. With the reductions now being made in the price of current,

the cost of electric cooking has come within the means of many householders.

As scientific experimentation with radium continues, the marvelous qualities of this magical factor in modern electro-therapy become more astounding and seem more than ever pregnant with beneficent possibilities. An English scientist maintains that in it will be found the long-sought cure for pulmonary consumption. His idea is to subject the interior of the lungs to the direct action of the radium rays by means of inhalations of air containing them. A method of making radium radiations effective in the interior of the body, which is now in actual use for the treatment of consumption. Bright's disease and cancer, is that devised in this country by Dr. William J. Morton.

It is well known that certain solutions -among them fluorescin and quinine-are rendered fluorescent when played upon by radium or X-rays. If any such solution is applied internally, time being allowed for the saturation of the blood vessels, and then radium or X-rays are applied to a particular organ that may be diseased-to a cancer in the stomach or the liver, for instance—the part affected is actively stimulated, and the process of making new and normal tissue is set up. In other words, as skin diseases may be cured by the application of the Finsen and other lights, so internal diseases may be cured by the creationthrough fluorescence produced by radium rays-of light within the body. While doctors are debating whether or not radium has any permanent potency in cancer treatment, actual cancer cures are being effected by this utilization of what has been called "liquid sunshine."

An aluminium tube holding the radium is laid on the skin as near as possible to the part affected, and worn for a specified time -hours or days or weeks, according to the needs of the case. The usual result is a great improvement in the general health of the patient, a strengthening of the processes of vitality. The pale patient begins to show color, to eat better, to stay out of bed longer, and to walk farther, and as the health improves the disease loosens its grip. accompanying photograph shows the ordinary method of holding the aluminium tube in place. The lower point of the tube, which contains the radium, is placed immediately over the seat of the disease.



MR. LORAINE AND MISS DAVIS IN " MAN AND SUPERMAN"

Where Does Shaw Leave You?

BY ROBERT LORAINE

George Bernard Shaw's views of marriage, as expounded in his plays, are so thoroughly unconventional and so opposed to the accepted tenets of the times, that the editor of The Cosmopolitan has requested an expression of opinion from Robert Loraine on this much-discussed subject. That Shaw's philosophy makes a deep impression, shaking all preconceived views and introducing new and vexing questions of ethics, is undoubted. But what effect has it upon one's convictions? Is this effect merely whimsical or profoundly disturbing? In what positive state of mind does it leave the playgoer? Is he receptive to this new line of thought or only amused at an exposition of views out of the ordinary? As a deep student of Shaw's works, as a friend of Shaw and as the star performer in "Man and Superman," Mr. Loraine is abundantly qualified to answer these questions.



desolation

HE question you ask me to discuss is a very pertinent one.

The implication that you are deserted is, in many respects, a just one and the suggestion of resentment is not unwarranted.

The predominant impression left on a serious-minded reader of Shaw is one of utter Many of the reader's idols are

shattered, or, at least, their feet of clay are exposed unmercifully.

Shaw's ideals of morality, ethics and romance are attacked so strongly that they must be very deep-rooted if they are not, at least, severely shaken.

The state of mind produced is one of uncomfortable dissatisfaction with existing conditions and institutions.

Furthermore, I think that this result is not only intentional, but the chief aim of the author. At the same time this temporary return to mental chaos cannot justly be declared negative in good results. In all states of transition a dead point must be reached where you have rung out the old but not yet rung in the new.

Shaw's principal characteristic outside of his dazzling wit, intoxicating humor, mar-

velous observation and insight—qualities that have won him a popular hearing—is iconoclasm, which is disturbing to the average contented citizen.

Shaw has undertaken the herculean task of cleansing the Augean stables of society.

Students of Shaw have complained that, while he convinces them of the faults of the present system, he fails to suggest a definite remedy. But if, in friendly interest, I call a man's attention to the fact that Welsh rabbit and lobsters

are not the most wholesome dishes to sup on, it does not detract from the service I have rendered him if I failed to suggest, as a substitute, lentils or bread and milk or abstinence.

Shaw's qualities of wit, humor, observation, insight, expressing one's unformulated thoughts, make his works so pleasant to the mental palate of the intelligent reader that he is tempted to gluttony and consequent indigestion. On temperate examination, Shaw's theories of life are much less appalling than at first sight.

It is unjust to form conclusions from an extract without a knowledge of the context, which, in this case, involves a study of the man's complete works.

I would suggest to any one sufficiently

interested to take one of his easier, before proceeding to an examination of the more startling, propositions.

For instance, in "Man and Superman" the audience encounters the shocking idea that Tanner, a man of obvious intelligence though eccentric, regards marriage, which is conventionally the most sacred institution of society, as "apostasy, profanation of the sanctuary of his soul, sale of his birthright. violation of his manhood, shameful sur-



RICHARD MANSFIELD, WHO, TEN YEARS AGO, PRODUCED "ARMS AND THE MAN," THE FIRST SHAW PLAY ACTED IN THIS COUNTRY

render, ignominious capitulation, acceptance of defeat."

Now, this is so startling to the average audience that it is received as a brilliantly witty elaboration of Punch's time-honored jest: Advice to those about to marry—Don't! Or, as an outrageous and almost blasphemous attack on the most sacred of human relations.

In the first act of "Man and Superman," the question arises as to whether a man who

has "betrayed" a woman can "make reparation" by a tardy marriage. When Tanner says sarcastically to the girl's brother: "So we are to marry your sister to a damned scoundrel by way of reforming her character," the entire audience indicates its conviction of the obsoleteness of this conventional idea, which a very few years ago was almost universally accepted to the extent that the brother or father of a girl who had been "wronged,"



DOROTHY DONNELLY, THE ORIGINAL CANDIDA OF MR. DALY'S PRODUCTION

felt himself obliged to put a revolver to the head of the wronger and offer him the alternative of "marrying the girl," to save the family honor, or being shot dead.

So, in the more startling theory of marriage being a detestable error of conduct, the reasonable, temperate seeker after truth will find that there is something to be said by persons of unquestioned intelligence in support of this unsettling notion, and, while he may not be converted or perverted by their arguments, at any rate these cannot be waived without consideration by any thinker with an open mind.

For instance, Grant Allen writes: "Hardest of all to eradicate in our midst comes the monopoly of the human heart, which is known as marriage. Based upon the primitive habit of felling the woman with a blow, stunning her by repeated strokes of the club or spear, and dragging her off



ARNOLD DALY AS EUGENE MARCHBANKS IN "CANDIDA," THE PRODUCTION OF WHICH, TWO YEARS AGO, STARTED THE PRESENT INTEREST IN THE SHAW PLAYS



CHRYSTAL HERNE, LEADING WOMAN OF MR. DALY'S PRESENT COMPANY



FAY DAVIS, LEADING WOMAN OF MR. LORAINE'S COMPANY PLAYING "MAN AND SUPERMAN"

by the hair of her head as a slave to her captor's hut or rock-shelter, this ugly and barbaric form of serfdom has come in our own time by some strange caprice to be regarded as of positively divine origin. The Man says now to himself, 'This woman is mine. Law and the Church have bestowed her on me. Mine for better, for worse: mine, drunk or sober. If she ventures to have a heart or a will of her own, woe betide her! let any other man touch her, let her so much as cast eyes on any other man to admire or desire him-and, knife, dagger or law-court, they shall both of them answer for it.' There you have in all its native deformity another monopolist instinct—the deepest-seated of all; the grimmest and most vindictive. 'She is not yours,' says the moral philosopher of the new dispensation; 'she is her own; release her!' The Turk hales his offending slave, sews her up in a sack, and casts her quick into the eddying Bosporus. The Christian Englishman, with more lingering torture, sets spies on her life, drags what he thinks her shame before a prying court, and divorces her with contumely. All this is monopoly, and essentially slavery. Mankind must outlive it on its way up to civilization.

"And then the Woman—thus taught by her lords—has begun to retort in these latter days by endeavoring to enslave the Man in return. Unable to conceive the bare idea of freedom for both sexes alike; she seeks equality in an equal slavery. That she will never achieve. The future is to the free. We have transcended serfdom. Women shall henceforth be the equals of men, not by leveling down, but by leveling up; not by fettering the man, but by elevating, emancipating, unshackling the woman."

George Eliot says that "marriage is a taming thing and that it is a relation either of sympathy or conquest."

Tolstoy says: "Love and all the states that accompany and follow it, never do, and never can facilitate the attainment of an aim worthy of men, but always make it more difficult."

But to George Bernard Shaw belongs the glory of reducing the truths of the twentieth century and giving an exposition of the last word of philosophy to the understanding and delight of the average playgoer. because custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, although he be furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy.

The other day, a woman in a street car

If I had not been obliged to leave the car, I might have answered her in Shaw's words: "The true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living at seventy, sooner than



LOUISE CLOSSER, THE ORIGINAL "PROSSIE" OF "CANDIDA"

suddenly addressed me with the staggering question: "Is Shaw sincere?"

I think her query bears directly on the question at present issue.

As I was within half a block of my destination, I said, "Yes." The conditions did not permit of hair-splitting analyses or elaborate explanation.

work at anything but his art. To women he is half vivisector, half vampire. He gets into intimate relations with them to study them, to strip the mask of convention from them, to surprise their inmost secrets, knowing that they have the power to rouse his deepest creative energies, to rescue him from his cold reason, to make him see visions and dream dreams, to inspire him, as he calls it. He persuades women that they may do this for their own purpose, whilst he really means them to do it for his. He steals the mother's milk and blackens it to make printer's ink to scoff at her and glorify ideal women with. He pretends to spare her the pangs of parturition so that he may have for himself the tenderness and fostering that belong of right to her children."

tion, except that of turning his blood into ink, in order to reveal his soul.

Shaw is working for truth and enlightenment. He is a fountain-head of knowledge and, like all other great reformers, has broken through the old formalities.

His sincerity and moral courage are tremendous.

A few years ago at the London Playgoers' Club, Lady Colin Campbell spoke on "The

Superiority of Shaw to Shakespeare." She said that Shakespeare never really understood women, that much of Shakespeare was bombastic and absurd and all of him written in very obscure English and wearisome to read, or words to that effect.

After reading a telegram from William Shakespeare, asking urgently for the result of the discussion, a debate followed. The main speaker against Shaw was Shaw himself.

He hailed Shakespeare unsurpassed as poet, story-teller, character draughtsman, humorist and historian, pointed out that Shakespeare knew very well how to write plays, but, knowing his public, Shaw announced that his next play would be, "As You Like It."

To write the play as YOU like it, while playing his practical joke of telling the truth, has, I think, been Shaw's motive in writing "Man and Superman."

He has succeeded in welding amusement and education, culture and wit, brilliancy and purpose. He understands the philosophy of mind and the causes of human action; and his universal acceptance as a great dramatist and great teacher has not come a moment too soon for the benefit of humanity.



JEFFREYS LEWIS, DRINA DE WOLFE AND ARNOLD DALY IN "YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

Shaw is unquestionably an artist, and I think that the foregoing is an accurate description of the artistic instinct. Therefore I consider that this quotation disposes effectually of any doubt as to the sincerity of the author. The state of mind indicated is nearer to mania than insincerity, in my opinion.

Shaw's life is the best proof of his sincerity. He has sacrificed everything for his plays. He gives the impression of a man who long since parted with every tempta-

Story of Paul Jones

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

XIII

HOW THE BATTLE RAGED



HE villain Landais makes off. There is no time for maledictions; besides, a court-martial will come later for that miscreant. Just now Captain Pearson, with his Serapis, claims the whole attention of Com. Paul Jones. The tackle takes the strain, and the lashings hold the ships

together. Captain Pearson sees the peril

and the way to free himself.

"Cut away that sta'board anchor!" he cries. Then, as a seaman armed with a hatchet springs forward, he continues: "The ring stopper, man! Cut the shank painter and the ring stopper, and let the anchor go!"

Com. Paul Jones snatches a firelock from one of the agitated French marines. Steadying himself against a backstay, he brings the weapon to his shoulder, and fires. The ball goes crashing through the seaman's head, just as he raises his hatchet to cut free the anchor.

Another leaps forward, and grasps the hatchet. Seizing a second firelock, Com. Paul Jones stretches him across the anchor's shank, where he lies clutching and groaning,

and bleeding his life away.

As the second man goes down, those nearest him fall back. That fatal starboard anchor is a death trap; they want for none of it. Com. Paul Jones, alert as a wildcat and as bent on blood, keeps grim watch, firelock in fist, at the backstay.

"I turned those hitches with my own hands," says he, "and I shall shoot down any Englishman who meddles with them."

The French marines, despite the hardy example of Com. Paul Jones, are in a panic. Their Captain Cammillard was wounded, and retired two hours before. Now their two lieutenants are also gone. Besides, of the more than one hundred to go into the

fight, no more than twenty-five remain. These, nerve-shattered and deeming all as lost, are fallen into disorder and dismay. The centuries have taught them to fear those sullen English. The lesson has come down to them in the blood of their fathers, who fought at Crécy, Poitiers, Blenheim, Ramillies and Malplaquet, that those bulldog islanders are unconquerable! Panic grasps them at the moment of all moments when Com. Paul Iones requires them most.

Seeing them thus shaken and beaten in their hearts, Com. Paul Jones—who knows Frenchmen in their impulses as he knows his own face in a glass—adopts the theatrical. He rushes into their midst, thundering

cheerfully:

"Courage, my friends! What a day for France is this! We have these dogs of English at our mercy! Courage but a little while, my friends, and the day is ours!

Oh, what a day for France!"

As adding *éclat* to a day that he so celebrates as "a day for France," Com. Paul Jones takes a third firelock from the nearest marine, and shoots down a third Briton who, with upraised hatchet, has rushed upon that detaining anchor. Following this exploit, he wheels again upon those wavering marines, and, by way of cheering their spirits, pours fourth in French such a cataract of curses upon all Englishmen and English things, that it fairly exhausts the imagination of his hearers to keep abreast of it.

Pierre Gérard, the little Breton sailor who, with John Downes, acts as orderly to Com. Paul Jones, is swept off his mental feet, in admiration of his young commander's fire and profane fluency. Little

Pierre takes fire in his turn.

"See," he cries, addressing his felloworderly John Downes—who, being from New England, understands never a word of Pierre's French, albeit he takes it in, openmouthed, like spring water—"See! He springs among them like a tiger among calves! Ah, they respond to him! Yes, in an instant he arouses their courage! They look upon him—him who has bravery without end! Name of God! To see him is to become a hero!"

It is as the excitable little Pierre recounts. The French marines, lately so cowed, look upon Com. Paul Jones to become heroes. With shouts and cries, they crowd about him valorously. He directs their fire against the English who man the long-nines, in the open waist of the Serapis. A moment later the fire of the recovered Frenchmen drives these English from their guns. Thereupon the French go wild with a fierce joy, and are all for boarding the Serapis. Com. Paul Jones has as much trouble restraining them from rushing forward, as he had but a moment before to keep them from falling back.

Meanwhile, Captain Pearson has never taken his eyes from that fatal starboard anchor holding him fast to the *Richard*. There it lies, his own anchor—the keystone to the arch of his ruin. If it takes every English life aboard the *Serapis*, it must still

be cut away!

Captain Pearson orders four men forward at once to cut shank painter and ring stopper. There is an instant volley from the recovered French marines, led by Com. Paul Jones, who fires with them. Before that withering volley, the four hatchet-men fall in a crumpled, bloody heap. The fatal anchor still holds; the ships grind side by side.

And yet the work must be done.

Captain Pearson orders forward more men, and still more men, to cut away that anchor, which is to him as an anchor of death, binding him, broadside and broadside, to destruction. Fourteen men die, one across the other, under the fire of Com. Paul Jones and his French marines—each of the latter being now a volcano of fiery valor. The last to perish is Lieutenant Popplewill; he dies honorably at the hands of Com. Paul Jones himself, who sends a musket ball through the high heart of the young dreadnaught, just as he reaches those fatal fastenings.

While this labor of death and bloody slaughter goes on above, the smashing work of the *Serapis*' eighteen-pounders has not ceased between decks. As the two ships come together, the lower-tier gun-crews of the *Serapis* are shifted from the port to the starboard batteries. They attempt to run out the guns, and are withstood by the port lids, which refuse to be triced up, the

Richard grinding them so hard and close as to hold them fast.

"What!" cries Lieutenant Wright, who has command of the *Serapis*' eighteen-pounders. "The ports won't open? Open them with your round shot then, my hearties! Fire!"

And so the broadside of the Serapis is fired through its own planks and timbers, to

open a way to the Richard.

"There!" cries Lieutenant Wright exultantly. "That should give your guns a chance to breathe, my boys! Now show us how fast you can send your iron aboard the Yankee!"

The English broadside-men responded with such hearty good-will to this, that they literally cut the *Richard* in two between decks, with their tempest of solid eighteen-

pound shot.

While this smashing work goes forward, hammer and anvil, the *Serapis'* twelve-pounders are tearing and rending the *Richard's* upper decks, and piling them in ruins. Every twelve-pounder belonging to the *Richard* is rendered dumb. Only three long-nines remain in service. These are mounted on the *Richard's* quarter-deck, under the eye of Com. Paul Jones.

"Suppose, Mr. Lindthwait, you train them on the enemy's mainmast!" he observes to Midshipman Lindthwait, under whose command he places the three longnines. "Try for his mainmast, young man! It will be good gunnery practice for you in all events; and should you cut the stick

down, so much the better."

Midshipman Lindthwait serves his trio of long-nines with such relish and vivacious accuracy, that he soon has the mainmast of the *Serapis* cut half in two. Meanwhile Com. Paul Jones again takes his French marines in hand, uplifts their souls with a fresh torrent of anti-English vituperation, and keeps them to the work of clearing the enemy's deck and silencing the exposed battery in the *Serapis*' waist.

One of the nine-pound shot of the industrious Lindthwait, flying low, strikes the main hatch of the *Serapis*, and slews the hatch cover to one side. It leaves a triangular opening, eighteen inches on its longish side, at one corner of the hatch. Com. Paul Jones has his hawk-like eye on it instantly. He points it out to Midshipman Fanning and Gunner Henry Gardner.

"There's your chance, my lads," he

cries. "Sharp's the word now! Lay aloft on the maintopsail yard, with a bucket full of hand-grenades, and see if you can't chuck one into her belly. A few hand-grenades, exploding among their eighteen-pounders below decks, would go far toward showing these English the error of their ways."

Away skurry Midshipman Fanning and Gunner Gardner, with three sailors close behind. A moment later they are racing up the shrouds like monkeys, two ratlines at a time. Two buckets of hand-grenades go with them, while Lieutenant Stack rigs a whip to the maintop, to send them up a fresh supply when the present bucketfuls are gone. The five lay out on the maintopsail vard like a quintette of squirrels, Midshipman Fanning, a brisk lad from New London, getting the place of honor at the earring. The three sailors pass the handgrenades, Gunner Gardner fires the fuse with his slow match, and Midshipman Fanning, perched at the farthest end of the yard, hurls them at that eighteen-inch triangle, which shows where the hatch cover of the Serapis has been shifted.

Sixty feet below the hand-grenade quintette, Com. Paul Jones is again dealing out profane encouragement to his marines, whose ardor sensibly slackens the moment he takes his eye off them. They do good work, those Frenchmen; under their fire, the upper deck of the Serapis becomes a slaughter-pen. One after the other, seven men are shot down at the Englishman's wheel. This does not materially affect the Serapis since, locked together in the death grapple, both ships are adrift, and have paid no attention to their helms for the past twenty minutes. Still, it does the Frenchmen good to shoot down those wheelsmen. Also, it mortifies the pride of the English, since to be unable to stay at one's own wheel is, in its way, a disgrace.

While Com. Paul Jones is uplifting his Frenchmen, and improving their small-arm practice, Orderly John Downes, who has been forward to Lieutenant Dale with an order, comes rushing aft.

"Lieutenant Dale, sir, reports six feet of water in our hold; and coming in fast, sir!"

Orderly John Downes touches his forelock and falls back a pace, face as stolid as a statue's, and not at all as though he has just reported the ship to be sinking. Com. Paul Jones beams approval on stolid John Downes; he likes coolness and self-command. Before he can speak, however, Lieutenant Mayrant comes aft in person, to say that the *Richard* is on fire.

"Catches from the enemy's wadding," says Lieutenant Mayrant. "For you must understand, sir, that when the enemy's eighteen-pounders are run out, their muzzles pierce through the shot-holes in our sides, we lay that close. As it is, they've set us all ablaze."

"But you've got the flames in hand?"
Com. Paul Jones puts the question con-

Com. Paul Jones puts the question confidently. He is sure that Lieutenant Mayrant wouldn't be by his side at that moment, unless the fire is under command.

"Lieutenant Stack, with ten men to pass the buckets, sir, are attending to it. It's quite easy, the water in our hold being so deep. They have but to dip it up and throw it on the fire."

"Good!" exclaims Com. Paul Jones. "Now that's what I call making one hand wash the other. We put out the flames that are eating us up, with the water that is sinking us."

XIV

THE SURRENDER OF THE SERAPIS

Master-at-arms John Burbank looks over the *Richard's* side, and makes a discovery. The ship has settled three feet below its trim. Thereupon he loses his head, which was never a strong head, and is somewhat thick and addled.

"The ship is sinking!" he shouts; and then, being a humanitarian, he tears off the orlop hatch, and calls upon the two hundred prisoners shut up below, to save themselves.

At the invitation of Humanitarian Burbank, the prisoners come trooping up. Fifty of them have gained the deck before Com. Paul Jones perceives them. Pulling a pistol from his belt, he rushes forward.

"Who released these prisoners?" he de-

"The ship is sinking, sir," replies Humanitarian Burbank. "I released them, to give them a chance for their lives."

Eye ablaze, without a word, Com. Paul Jones snaps his pistol in the face of Humanitarian Burbank. Fortunately for that extemporaneous philanthropist, the priming has been shaken out; while the flint throws off a shower of sparks, the pistol does not

explode. In an instant, Com. Paul Iones clubs the heavy weapon and fells Humani-

tarian Burbank to the deck.

The latter, under the care of Doctor Brooke, comes to presently, to find himself disrated on the ship's books, and his addled pate more addled than before. As Humanitarian Burbank falls to be deck, Com. Paul Jones makes a dash for the prisoners who, two abreast, are pushing up from the deck below.

"Under hatches with them!" he cries. This rouses Midshipman Potter, who brings up a half-dozen cutlass men; and those of the prisoners not yet on deck are held below. The orlop hatch is again fitted to its place, and Com. Paul Jones breathes freer. Two hundred prisoners loose about his decks is not what he most desires.

"Set them to the pumps, Dick," he says, addressing Lieutenant Dale. "Give them plenty of work." Then to the fifty prisoners who gained the deck: "Now, my men, to the pumps. I'll have no idlers about."

The prisoners go to the pumps readily enough; all but a stubborn merchant captain, whose ship was captured by the Richard off the port of Leith.

"Don't ye go a-nigh the pumps, mates," "Let the cries out the stubborn one.

cursed Yankee pirate sink."

"Obey the commodore, sare!" pipes up little Pierre Gérard, presenting a pistol at the head of the mutineer. "Obey the commodore, or I shoot, sare!"

The stubborn Scotch captain does not understand little Pierre's broken English, but the pistol is easily construed. For reply he makes a quick grab at the weapon.

Little Pierre, who is not to be caught napping, shoots him promptly through the head. As the stubborn one falls lifeless, he wheels on Com. Paul Jones, lays his hand on his heart, and makes a deprecatory bow.

"I shoot heem, sare, to relieve you of a disagreeable duty," says little Pierre, apolo-

getically.

The other prisoners are not unimpressed by the fate of the stubborn one, and work briskly, if not cheerfully, at the clanking

Just as Com. Paul Jones reaches the quarter-deck, following the incident wherein Humanitarian Burbank performs, and the stubborn Scotch captain dies, the ensign

gaff of the Richard is shot away, and the virgin-petticoat flag of the pretty New Hampshire girls trails overboard. gives rise to a misunderstanding. Gunner Arthur Randall, looking up and missing the ensign, and his hopes being somewhat low at the time, sings out to the Englishmen:

"Cease firing! We've surrendered!" Captain Pearson, on the quarter-deck of the Serapis, hears the cry. There could have come no more welcome news: Captain Pearson would have heard Gunner Randall if the latter had spoken in a whisper. Face aglow with joy, Captain Pearson hails the Richard.

"Do you surrender?"

Com. Paul Jones leaps to the rail of the Richard, and steadies himself by one of the after-braces.

"Surrender?" he repeats, his brow dark with rage. "Surrender? I would have you to know, sir, that we've just begun to

fight!"

Back to the deck springs Com. Paul Jones, while Captain Pearson turns old and white. For the first time, he realizes the desperate character of that unconquerable one with whom he is engaged, and some premonition of his own coming defeat pierces his heart like a dagger of ice. As Com. Paul Jones regains the deck, he observes Boatswain Jack Robinson, who has waddled aft. The cloud of anger fades from his brow; he breaks into a loud laugh, that is tenfold worse than the cloud.

"Eh, Jack, old trump! What say you to

quitting?" he cries.

"Why, as to surrenderin', Commodore," says Boatswain Jack Robinson, refreshing himself with a huge chew of tobacco, "I'm for sinkin' alongside, an' seein' 'em damned first! Sink alongside, says I; an' if the grapplin' tackle holds, we'll take 'em with

us to Davy Jones, d'ye see!"

"There's the heart of oak!" returns Com. Paul Jones in vast approval of Boatswain Jack Robinson's turgid views; "and when we're next in New London, old shipmate, I'll make it my business to tell Polly all about it. Meanwhile, our ensign's trailing astern. Haul it aboard by the halyards, and fish and splice the gaff, and get it back in its place. Give the Englishmen a sight of that red, white and blue flag, Jack; it takes the fight out of 'em."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responds Boatswain Jack Robinson, as he begins the task of re-

covering and replacing the ensign. "That flag does seem to let the whey outen a Brit-

This is gratuitous slander on the parts of both Com. Paul Jones and Boatswain Jack Robinson; those villi-fied ones have been fighting for hours, and are still at it with the quenchless valor of so many mastiffs.

There is that at hand, however, that will daunt their iron courage, and feed even their stout hearts to dismay. High up at the weather earring of the Richard's maintopsail yard, Midshipman Fanning has been faithfully practising with hand-grenades, at that inviting triangular hole where the hatch cover of the Serapis has been shotslewed to one side. It is not an easy mark. that black three-cor-

The honorable Cantain Jones Commander in chief of the American Squadron now in Eu-rope, &c—

To the Worshipful the Pro-vost of Leith, or, in his ab-sence—To the Chief Magis-trate Who is now actually present and in Authority There—

Sir The British Marine force that has been Stationed here

that has been Stationed here for the protection of your City and Commerce being now taken by the American Arms under my command, I have the honor to send you this by my officer—Lieutenant-Colonel De Chamillard Who commands the Vanguard of my troops. I do not Wish to distress the poor inhabitants; my Intention is only to demand your contribution towards the reimbursement which Britain owes to the much injured citizens of America. Savages would blush at the unmanly violation and rapacity that has marked the tracks of British-tyranny in America from which neither Virgin innocence nor helpless age has been a plea of protection or Pity.

of British-tyranny in America from which neither virgin innocence not included in the Pity.

Leith and its port now lays at our mercy; and did not the Pica of humanity stay the hand of just retaliation I should, without advertisement, lay it in Ashes. Before I proceed to that stern duty as an officer; my duty as a man induces me to propose to you by the Means of a reasonable ransome to prevent such a scene of horror and distress-rules reason I have authorized Lieutenant-Colonel De Chamillard to conclude and agree with you on the terms of ransome, allowing you exactly half an hour's reflection before you finally accept or reject the terms which he shall propose.

shall propose.

If you accept the terms offered within the time limited, you may rest assured that no further debarkation of troops will be made, but that the reimbarkation of the Vanguard will immediately follow, and that the property of the citizens shall remain unmolested.

I have the honor to be with sentiments of due respect

Sir On board the American Ship of War the Bonhomme Richard at Anchor in the Road of Leith, Septbr the 1779.

The homeable fogth chief of the Co party of the astig the hours to be Wich chutments of

LETTER SENT BY PAUL IONES THROUGH LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DE CHA-MILLARD TO THE PROVOST OF LEITH, CONCERNING RANSOM TO BE PAID BY THAT TOWN AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE PROTECTING FLEET #

Your very Obedient and Very humble Servant.

nered hole, measuring only eighteen inches the longest way, and so far Midshipman Fanning has missed. It is now that success crowns his work, and a smoking, spitting hand-grenade goes cleanly through, and fetches up on the Serapis' lower gun deck. The explosion instantly occurs; it is as though the fuse were carefully timed for it

If this were all it would be bad enough, but worse comes with it. There are scores of cartridges cumbering the deck to the rear of the Serapis' batteries; for the powder monkeys have been earning their pay and allowances, and bringing powder from the magazines much faster than the gunners can burn it in their eighteen-pounders. The exploding hand-grenades set off this powder. There is a blinding sheet of flame, a report like smothered thunder, and the deck of the Serapis is all but torn from its timbers. Fifty of the crew are killed or crippled, while the slewed hatch cover is blown overboard. No trouble now to hit that vawning black hatchway! With such a target there can be no talk of missing, and Midshipman Fanning and Gunner Gardner, from their high perch on the maintopsail yard, at once fill the stomach of the Serapis with a bursting, death-dealing shower of hand-grenades.

And so the end comes tapping at the

door.

Lieutenant Mayrant, at the head of his boarding party, stands ready and waiting for the signal. Com. Paul Jones notes the devastation wrought by Midshipman Fanning's hand-grenades.

"Boarders away!" he cries, and the next moment Lieutenant Mayrant and his men go swarming over the hammock netting of the *Serapis*, the Red Indian part-fire, Anthony Jeremiah, among the foremost.

As Lieutenant Mayrant reaches the deck of the Serapis, an English sailor thrusts him through the thigh with a pike. Lieutenant Mayrant shoots the pikeman through the heart; he falls dead, his pike rattling on the deck.

"Remember Portsea jail, lads!" shouts Lieutenant Mayrant, as he steps limpingly across the body of the dead pikeman. "Remember Portsea jail!"

"Remember Portsea jail!"

Nine in ten of the boarding party are of those ones exchanged at Nantes. With savage cries, they shout back: "Remember

Portsea jail!" and the work of their vengeance is begun.

Com. Paul Jones has his eyes on Lieutenant Mayrant and his boarders. His attention is suddenly claimed by Orderly John Downes, who plucks him by the elbow.

"Beg pardon, sir!" says Orderly John Downes. "Captain Landais with the

Alliance."

Sure enough, the Alliance for a second time has crept down upon them, unnoticed in the heat and absorbing fury of the struggle. The consort ship is just wearing across the Richard's bows. What will Landais do? Does he come as friend or foe? The Frenchman has his answer ready, and pours a broadside into the Richard as he crosses. Then he sheers off, and again heads for the open ocean. That coward broadside kills and wounds Master's Mate Caswell and seven men. Com. Paul Jones is stricken rigid with rage and wonder.

"The man is mad!" says Lieutenant

Dale.

"I cannot understand!" returns Com. Paul Jones. "There is still his crew! Why don't they clap him in irons, or cut him down?"

There is a shout from the deck of the Serapis. Captain Pearson, his last hope gone, has struck the colors with his own hand. The shout is from the wounded Lieutenant Mayrant, who hails Lieutenant Dale.

"Stop the firing, sir," cries Lieutenant Mayrant, for the *Richard's* top-men are still blazing away merrily. "He has struck his flag. Come on board, and take possession!"

Lieutenant Dale in an instant is on the deck of the beaten *Serapis*. He sends Captain Pearson aboard the *Richard*.

Downcast, eye full of dejection, Captain Pearson approaches Com. Paul Jones. With bowed head, and saying never a word, he tenders his conqueror his sheathed sword. Com. Paul Jones takes it, and gives it in charge to Midshipman Potter who is at his elbow.

"I accept your sword, Captain," says Com. Paul Jones. "And, as I accept it, I bear testimony that you have worn it to the honor and glory of the English navy."

Captain Pearson, still bowed of head and mute of lip, stands before Com. Paul Jones, despair eating his heart.

(To be continued.)



Confessions of a New York Detective

Made by an Ex-Captain of Police



VII

I CHANGE MY PACE



HERE was I when I quit talking? Ah, yes; I stopped just as Mugsey said it would take three thousand dollars to make me a detective-ser-

At that I threw out my hands. Where was I to find three thousand dollars? As well make it thirty thousand!

"That's all right," said Mugsey, tranquilly. "You go on an' take the examination; you'll get the three thousand when you need it."

"Who from? Barney?"

Long prior to this I had paid Barney those three hundred dollars he had endowed me with to procure my place as a patrolman; and I could think of no one but Barney now. At the name of Barney, Mugsey shook his head.

"Not on your life!" he said. "Barney is neither so flush nor so friendly as all that. There's a limit goes with Barney, and it's 'way below three thousand dollars."

"Who then?"

"Do you know Lazarus, who keeps the hock-shop in Chatham Square? That's the good Samaritan; old Lazarus 'll stake you to the three thousand the moment we go to him."

"Lazarus!" I cried. "Lazarus is a 'fence."

Let me tell you something: Since I talked last, I've been thinking. As the result of that cogitation, I've settled it with myself that this is the last consignment of

"Confessions" I'll hand out. Of course, a copper has an endless chain of adventures, and I could go on and on without a limit, like bridge whist at the Union Club when Gates and Morgan and Schwab and Vanderbilt get busy; but what's the use?

What give me cold feet? I'll tell you. What I've been saying don't help my standing with my old partners on the Force. Sure, they know who's doing this. There aren't so many of us retired captains of police, d'ye see, and they "made me' all right. I met an inspector the other day; he gave me a dry, knowing grin.

"It's all right," says he, "and I'm not kicking. But, on the level!—and you can take it from me, who has always been your friend—it don't look well for you, after you've got yours, to sit back and go to talking."

That was all he said; but the more I think of it, the more it strikes me that it was enough. For a finish, I've made up my mind, so far as these "Confessions" go, to pack in and quit. I'll write this one; after that, if you get any more, you'll have to connect with some other retired captain.

To go back to my conference with Mugsey Jones about Lazarus: Our Chatham Square friend was, as I said, a "fence." I put this to Mugsey.

"There's nothin' to it!" says he; "it's your only chance. I don't know of another between the Battery an' the Bronx who'll stake you to that three thousand dollars. You can take it or leave it."

To make a long story short, I took it. Lazarus gave Mugsey the three thousand without a scrap to show for it—oh, he was game enough, and didn't tie any strings to the play. Then I went on, passed my examination, paid in the Lazarus three thousand dollars, and was appointed a detective-sergeant.

Who did I pay the three thousand to? Never mind that; Mugsey made the spiel. One thing I'll tell you: it never got out of

Mulberry Street.

No, I don't blame myself. If I accuse anybody, it's the public. You can argue it out for yourself: When the public plays its game so badly that a patrolman can't get his promotion without giving up the price, why, then, you can figure that the price will be paid. I was "stuck up" as though by a footpad. It was pay the three thousand dollars or go without my promotion. The public should have protected me from that: it didn't, and-like the man with the footpad's pistol to his ear-I did the best I could. I paid, and got the promotion to which I was entitled without paying, but never would have received in any other way.

How is the public to stop it? I don't know; that's for the public to settle. All I say is that no copper would pay for promotion if he didn't have to. And when he does pay—a roundsman five hundred dollars, a sergeant three thousand dollars, a captain fifteen thousand dollars—it stands to reason that he's going to get it back. Do you imagine a captain gives up several years' salary in advance merely to hear himself called "Captain"?

You asked a moment ago what the public could do. Well, I'll back-track my story far enough to say one more word on that point. The public should take the police out of politics. It should abolish these mayor-appointed commissioners, and give the Force a permanent head-somebody whose place can't be taken from him by the politicians, and who is in for life the same as every other policeman. That's the only way; you'll have to make not a chief, but a dictator of police, answerable to nobody and amenable only to the law. So long as the mayor appoints the head of the Force, and the Machineit doesn't matter what Machine-appoints the mayor, the Machine will control the Force.

Certainly, the present system disorganizes and demoralizes the police; and small wonder. It would demoralize a church. That's straight! You let the mayor appoint the rector of Trinity Church and I'll guarantee it will put that sanctuary on the blink. But I must stop preaching.

As I've told you, I got the three thousand dollars, required to advance me to the grade of detective-sergeant, from Lazarus. Here's how it worked out. I was given my appointment, and detailed for duty at the Oak Street station. For a time all moved smoothly. Of course, I was immediately beset by the usual bevy of "dips," "guns" and such who, one and all, offered to "dress my front" for me—that is, give me pins and watches and chains, as a means of currying favor and getting me to let them "work" in peace. It was a case of "nothing doing"; I turned them down, and there wasn't a crook in the town who didn't fear me, and give me credit for being a square cop.

It stood that way until one winter night—about eleven o'clock it was—when I made a collar on Grand Street. I'll skip details; and will only say that I landed two cracksmen with a big lay-out of furs. I got them dead to rights, and could have convicted them. At that point who should show up but Lazarus; they were his men,

and his furs.

What was I to do? I'll give Lazarus credit—he acted nice, and never said a word about the three thousand dollars. He simply told me how he was "in," and put it on the ground of friendship. He'd done me a favor; would I do him one?

Now, when it comes to that, I'm no better nor stronger than other men. I never forget an injury or a favor, and have always had the name of sticking by my enemies and my friends. The long and the short of it was that I bottled up the evidence against the fur-thieves, queered the case in their interest, and turned them out on the street. Lazarus got the furs; and I got the name of standing pat for a pal.

It's no use talking, the affair worried me to the heart. I didn't get it off my mind for a year. The fact is, I never got it off my mind; but in time I grew hard to it.

That transaction in favor of Lazarus changed my pace. Up to that time I'd run true, and played the game as honest as a clock. But it wasn't worth while after that. I'd been squared; it was



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

LAZARUS GAVE MUGSEY THE THREE THOUSAND WITHOUT A SCRAP TO SHOW FOR IT

known that I could be reached; for of course wise men looking on—men like Scotty, for instance—knew well what had happened. The same thing had happened to them too often to talk of their misunderstanding the symptoms. And so, naturally, I turned out with the rest, and when anything came my way I took it.

From that Lazarus time, I was out for the dust, and made every dollar I could.

Why not? It was a slice off a cut loaf; I was "wrong," and I might as well go the route. I'd sooner drown in ten thousand fathom of water than ten; it's more respectable. That's the way it struck me, at any rate, and I acted on it.

VIII

THE REALM OF GRAFT

Graft? You want me to give you a sort of graft-map of the town, do you? There wouldn't be room to draw one in what space is granted to a score of magazine articles. There's no limit to graft; it's everywhere. A building falls down—a case of rotten mortar; that's graft. A thousand chimneys send up a cloud of soft-coal smoke; that's graft. You fall over a pile of boxes, or bark your shins on a bunch of building-material in the street; that's graft. You stroll down to the wharf for a look at the river, and can't see it for a mountain of freight that's holding down the wharf at the street's end: that's graft. You get in a building, and somebody yells "Fire!" and there isn't any fire-escape; or if there is one, it's loaded to the guards with tubs, coalscuttles and trundle-beds; that's graft. And so the good work goes on. Why, man! the very ordinances are passed by the City Council, not to protect the city, but to promote graft. Every one of those ordinances gives some department a fresh grip on the public. The ordinance gets in somebody's way; and that somebody has to pay. Sometimes it's to one department, sometimes to another; but at least he pays. Every department-Street, Dock, Water, Building, Park, Health, Lighting, each has its special line of graft. The police aren't alone; they're not the only grafters.

What does the police graft amount to? Over all, directly and indirectly, it doesn't fall much below four millions a year. Graft splits into two kinds: organized and unorganized graft. The latter, in its extent, depends on the individual copper:

There are coppers of every color, from white to deepest black. Some coppers will "settle" with gamblers and poolroom-keepers, but there they stop. Some are so hard that they'll deal in with porch-climbers and strong-arm people, and stand for anybody or anything to get money.

There are policemen and lawyers who pal in. Some lawyers will give a copper his "bit" if he'll steer for them, and send them suits against railroads and the like for killing people or breaking their legs and arms. Then there are lawyers—mostly the sort that infest the police mag-

istrates' courts, and are as common as blackberries on the East Side-who have an underground partnership with certain of the police. Here's the way they graft. The lawyer has clients who are thieves or worse. Naturally, he keeps a friendly eve on their financial condition. One of them gets five hundred dollars to the good. The lawyer knows, and he gives the "office" to his partner the policeman to collar the client. The "pinch" comes off; the copper runs in the rich thief, and he and the lawyer shake him down between them. When they've taken all his money, they turn him loose to get more. Then they shake him down again. Of course, the poor crook who's collared never suspects his lawyer, who tells him that the money goes-every dollar of it-to square the copper, and that he'll get a stretch or two in Sing Sing if he doesn't pay. This kind of thing comes off by the dozen every

There's court graft, too, where the clerk and the court officers stand in. Take a probation officer so called: A man pleads guilty, or is convicted; the judge holds the case over, and sends out his probation officer to discover and report on the culprit's past. You can see that what the probation officer reports will save or give the man two or three extra years in prison. He has friends and relatives; they want to make the thing as easy as they may. 'With such a situation, do you see anything in it

for the probation officer?

Speaking of lawyers, it may interest you to know that twenty per cent. of those practicing at the New York City bar are practicing on fraudulent admission papers. Men who can't speak, let alone read or write, English, and who are as ignorant as dogs besides, are "admitted" as lawyers. How were they thus admitted to practice? They hired somebody to assume their names and take the examination for them. There are men who make a business of taking law examinations, first under one name, then under another. The certificate of admission to the bar, when they receive it, is sold to the ignoramus, who pays as high as five thousand dollars. After that he hunts for prey in the magistrates' courts, and finds the price he paid for that fraudulent certificate a good investment. You say that you think the smart fellow who takes the examinations



Drawn by Henry Raleigi

OF COURSE, I WAS IMMEDIATELY BESET BY THE USUAL BEVY OF "DIPS", "GUNS" AND SUCH, WHO ONE AND, ALL OFFERED TO "DRESS MY FRONT" FOR ME



Drawn by Henry Raleigh

WHO SHOULD SHOW UP BUT LAZARUS; THEY WERE HIS MEN AND HIS FURS

must stand in with somebody high up? For that matter, so do I.

What might be called the organized graft covers poolrooms, gambling-houses, disorderly houses, saloons, and the like. The saloons pay from five dollars to twenty-five dollars a month; the poolrooms, gambling-houses and disorderly houses from two hundred and fifty dollars to as high, in certain gilt-edged cases, as two thousand dollars a month.

Speaking of organized graft, I've seen it pulled off in style. There has been a time when a syndicate ran the organized graft, of course with the aid of the police. The syndicate, d'ye see, had to have the police; because if a gambler, for example, rebelled and refused to give up, the only way to compel him to be good was to pull him. That called for the police.

When that graft syndicate operated, it simply took charge of things and went into blackmail on a system. It had offices on Sixth Avenue near Twenty-ninth Street, and on Fourteenth Street near Sixth Avenue, and if you had walked into either of them on one of their monthly collectiondays, you would have thought it was the

sub-treasury. There were brass cages, fire-proof safes, mahogany desks, ledgers, clerks and cashiers by the score. The collectors would appear, and throw down the money in sheaves and bundles. You couldn't find your way about because of the knee-deep accumulation of riches.

Every collector—they were on the Force, wardmen and that sort of handy-man mostly—had his list. He made his rounds; and he either showed up with the regulation sum, or brought in an explanation as to why this one or that one wouldn't come down with his assessment. In case anyone rebelled, or failed for any reason to pony up, the captain of that precinct was ordered to send a squad and blot him out. They always liked to do this last; it gave them a name for efficiency, and showed the public that the police "were doing their duty."

This graft syndicate was arranged on the plan that used to obtain among old-time whalers. Every member had his "lay"; some took a smaller and some a larger share. It included on its rolls a mixture of top-notch policemen and politicians. In many cases the syndicate took half the profits of a poolroom or a gambling-house. Often, when the profits were fat and the place a strong one, they took it away from the lawful proprietor bodily, and ran it themselves.

That was a great ring, and those were days of velvet. That syndicate made a hay-mow full of money, be sure of that. It was a case of millions. I recall how a police captain was so inconsiderate as to drop dead at his desk, and, when the desk was opened, there was over ninety thousand dollars in greenbacks and diamonds in it. No; those riches hadn't gone as far as they were going; the dead captain's desk was only a way-station. Every splinter was on its travels to the syndicate's head-quarters; and, after the funeral was over and the papers quit having hysterics, it got there.

The syndicate's millions, following collection, were banked to one man's credit, in a Sixth Avenue national bank that wears a dead statesman's name. Being banked, they were split into the proper shares by checks. Sure! that syndicate would have been as easy to investigate as is a life insurance company; it could have been turned inside out just as easily.

But everybody who ought to have investigated it was in on the play; that syndicate didn't take any chances. In the years wherein it flourished, it raked in not a shilling less than fifty millions, and everybody, down to the wardmen among policemen and the district captains among politicians, got what was coming to him.

Yes; there are poolrooms and gamblingrooms now—hundreds of them. They always run; they have never stopped for a moment, and never will. The phrases "lid on" and "lid off" are mere catchwords, invented to tickle newspaper reporters and amuse the public. There was never a moment in my time but what anyone who wanted a game could get it.

Besides this grand graft that goes out for thousands and runs the thousands into millions, there is a desultory, flea-bite sort of graft that has to be accounted for. Much of this is waged by the underlings and agents of the so-called anti-vice societies. You can imagine some honest old preacher at the head of a society, who imagines he's purifying the city. It never occurs to him that he's being used as a "stall" for a lot of finished grafters, and every one of 'em as cunning as a pet fox. But so it has happened many a time and oft. Those agents and underlings were getting the coin right and left from poolroom-keeper and gambler, while the honest old dominie at the top was collecting the incense, and reveling in the praise, which a grateful public bestowed upon him "for his untiring efforts in behalf of law and

To show you how fine they work it: There's a law against selling liquor or beer to minors. Right now, as I tell this, there are scores of saloons that pay five dollars a month each to the agents of one of these anti-vice societies for the privilege of serving kids whose fathers have sent them to the side-door with the "growler." Not a doubt of it! I could take you to dozens. The gin-mills have to stand it. assessment which they pay the police only covers the questions of selling on Sunday and keeping open after hours. If they sell to children, that's another matter, and goes as the legitimate graft of the antivice people.

You are amazed, you say? It is a sad, sad world, my friend, and you have heard, I presume, of such things as whited sepul-

chers, and stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. If you haven't, I have, and it has frequently saved me from being astonished to death. Why don't I inform on these anti-vice grafters? For one thing, I'm too modest a pot to call any kettle black; besides, I've but one ambition now, and that is to live down my past and

lead a quiet life.

It may please you to hear before I close that, in this art of graft, the police don't always have it all their own way. Those who live by the sword are sometimes grievously wounded, even if they do not quite perish, by the sword. About every other Albany winter, a bill is introduced to do this or that savage thing to the Force. I've seen a measure offered that was meant—or pretended to be meant—to wipe the police from the map. It became a case then of protecting your job—a job which, if you were a captain as I was, had cost you fifteen thousand dollars in cold, reluctant coin of the realm.

The "word" was sent round. True, every man jack of us who wore a police badge knew that the bill was a "strike," and devised to bleed us. That made no difference; we had to come down. The patrolmen would be called on to put in

fifteen dollars each, the roundsmen twenty-five dollars, the sergeants fifty dollars, and so on up the line. There are eight thousand patrolmen, to say nothing of roundsmen, et cetera; so you will see that a fortune of full one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars would go to the statesmen at Albany as their price for letting us alone. Stand it? We had to stand it. We used to laugh about it, too; for handing his own medicine to the doctor has its humorous side.

However, I've told you enough; and here, as I promised in the beginning. I'm going to close the books. A bad, black picture, you say. Perhaps! Still, you shouldn't lose sight of the fact that, while it might be white, it could be a great deal worse. And when the last word is said, it's the public's fault. Every dog is to blame for his own fleas. You permit the Machine to pick out your mayor, and through him your police. It is you, the public, who does this, and when police things go wrong you shouldn't whine. Those who keep monkeys must pay for the glasses they break; and that, too, whether the monkeys are kept in the City Hall or at Police Headquarters in Mulberry street.

(The End)

Gold

BY EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR

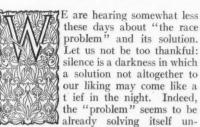
Beneath the sun's continuous, genial ray
The laboring bees, with instinct's marvelous trust,
Dug in the poppy's heart for pollen dust,
To bear it intermittently away.
But when cold winds had chilled the breast of day,
A hapless one, through gain's insatiate lust,
So long had lingered, scarcely aught but rust
Seemed all his gathered gold, as stark he lay—
Lay on the bosom of that lovely bloom,
Which gave him, living, its unstinted store,
And furnished him in death a gorgeous tomb.
Thus man toils on for more, and yet still more,
To fall at last, though warnings round him roar,

Tight clutching that which led him to his doom.



BY AMBROSE BIERCE

THE YELLOWER PERIL



heeded. If one will give himself the pain to note the number of mulattoes that he meets, North, South and everywheremulattoes of all shades known to chromology-he will understand what I mean. The count is amazing! (Possibly the Director of the Census has more voluminous and accurate statistics, which I hope that I shall not be provoked by denial of my own to produce.) That indicates a solution between which and deportation we must make choice; apparently there is none beside. Some of us—Mr. John Temple Graves, for example—would prefer deportation, and it will not do lightly to dismiss it from consideration as impracticable. Mr. Graves will tell you how brief a period would be required for its realization if every ship bringing immigrants to New York were required to take away an equal number of negroes. That is only a striking way of "putting" the easy possibility of sending the negroes out of the country faster than their birth rate brings them into it. If I rightly remember, his plan, as expounded in a notable address, is to secure a progressive reduction in the birth rate by an intelligently devised scheme of priority in embarkation. Anyhow, the notion that to send these unfortunate people to a more congenial environment in the land of their ancestors would require "all the ships in the world" is highly erroneous. The actual lions in the

path of the "movement" are Northern apathy, Southern reluctance to surrender an industrial advantage, and Booker Washington. Washington's obstructionary method consists in making apparently pretty good American citizens. Their good citizenship, while retarding the "solution" of deportation, promotes the objectionable alternative of amalgamation. It is a disagreeable prospect, however one looks at it, which is why most of us refuse to look at it at all. But neither a closing of the eyes, nor the virtual abrogation of the fifteenth constitutional amendment, nor even the compulsory running of "Iim Crow" cars, is improving the outlook. This is a matter that has to be faced, and he is not wise who shirks the discussion or fails to heed the danger signals of this Yellower Peril.

A VOICE FROM THE EAR

The Swiss, it seems, have discarded their "national anthem" and adopted a new one, and for cause of action aver that the old one had to be sung to an old German melody used in the national anthems of Great Britain and the United States-the air known to Englishmen as "God Save the King" and to ourselves as "America." The Swiss wanted something original and distinctively Swiss, a natural, commendable and patriotic desire. We might ourselves advantageously withdraw from the German-British-American entente in the matter of that melody-if "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" is really our national anthem, and not "Hail, Columbia!" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," whereof the latter is topical and all are impenitently banal. Who will compose a national anthem that a good American can venture to sing without apology and hear without medical attend-

THE DOWNER DOWNED

The latest and surest sure cure for consumption-that of an hour's age doth hiss the expounder—is put upon exhibition by the eminent Dr. Behring. True, he does not tell us just what it is, but he does tell us just what it is not, which is much to know. When all but one of the things that a consumption cure might be are specifically disclaimed, we shall know without "subsequent proceedings" that this is the remaining one. This process may be called exposition by elimination. All that we are now deemed worthy to know is that Dr. Behring's sovereign remedy for a lung diseased is not a germicide; it may be a lymph, a serum, a cereal, an exercise, a devotional rite or a cucumber! Doubtless we shall be told all about it-or as much about it as laymen may profitably know-by the time that it is superseded by something newer and less intelligible. In the meantime let it content us that we have possession without comprehension. And let patients be more forehanded and enterprising than they were in the instances of the Koch and other cures -that is to say, let them hasten to take the treatment while it is still efficacious.

MADE FAMOUS WHILE YOU WAIT

Let those who think that the popularity of a book has some traceable relation to its literary merit-that there inheres in good literature a magical energy lifting it into recognition, regardless of the "external coexistences and sequences" affecting all things else-let such sufferers from delinquent observation consider the instance of Guy Thorne's novel, "When It Was Dark." Of the book's merits I am spared the necessity of making an appraisal, which is fortunate, for nothing in the history of its fortunes could assist; and this is precisely what gives it value for my humbler purpose. When published, this book, in the slang of the trade, "fell flat"-oh, so flat!-and for two years it was denied notice by reviewers and booksellers alike. The conditions were unfavorable; they are always unfavorable to an unknown writer. But for a happy accident the work and its author would doubtless never have been heard of outside the narrow social circumjacence infested by his grinning friends and condoling enemies.

However, the happy accident occurred: the book fell into the hands of the Bishop of London, who, finding it a pro-Christianity document adapted to the meanest capacity, mentioned it in a sermon, urging all to read At once it became "all the rage," took a place at the head of the "best sellers," and its vogue is still growing with a geometrical acceleration. The Bishop of London is a good man with a fat preferment and a contented mind, but he is not known as a good judge of literature-not, at least, to good judges of critics. (No more was the great Mr. Gladstone, who reviewed by ear: yet with two dashes of ink he conferred undying fame upon the phrenetic Marie Bashkirtseff and the prosing Mrs. Humphrey Ward.) Now, then, Messrs. Proponents of the Success of Merit, if, "When It Was Dark," is a great book why was itself so long dark? If it is not, why is it now splendoring the literary firmament like a flaring new star? May it please your serene complacencies, I could name (reverently) a dozen illustrious men abundantly dowered with intellectual poverty, anyone of whom could beduke and enrich the obscurest ignobleman in the fierce democracy of letters by merely blaring abroad the praise of his books. I wish whatever gods may be would put it into the heart of one of them to set the trumpet to his lips and blare of mine.

A LIFTED LID

As to books, there is an observable tendency to grow lachrymose anent the "revelations" of factory-girl life made in one entitled, "The Long Day." These seem to be especially adapted to the emotional capacities of slap-stick reformers and hailers of the dawn of a new era. One of these, a man of no mean distinction in letters, hotly declares that the person who, having read his review of it, does not read the book is a "sneak," if you please. Disheartening enough and to spare, the revelations are, truly, but not so much in the misery they disclose as in its apparently irremovable cause. The cause is, as the author (herself a sinner in that way) admits, the impenitent determination of indigent young women not to do woman's natural and well-rewarded work. To that incurable stupidity we owe "the servant question" and all the multifold evils that the term connotes. Inasmuch as

the author confesses that the factory girl rather likes her mode of life, perhaps it would be as well for the rest of us not to rouse her with our cries of compassion till we find a way to make her choose a better one, lest, like a man suffering the mischance of wedlock, she be tormented with a sharp sense of her contributory negligence. The book is published anonymously, but I happen to know the author to be a very intelligent young woman with a deal more sense than her perfervid acclaimants, most of whom, caught red-handed in philanthropy, are "doing time" as reformers.

THE REMOVAL OF A STAIN

It is reverently to be hoped that the recording angel will erase an important entry from the debit side of the account of the late Bret Harte.

> "Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment-day,"

for Mark Twain explains that Harte did not inspire the "Pike County Ballads" of the late John Hay: we "had 'em" in the mild form of newspaper publication before incurring the superior affliction of the Californian's "Jim," "Cicely," "Penelope" and so forth. Harte, poor soul, will have more than enough sins of his own to answer for when.

"the sun grows cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

FOGS AND HOGS

The uncommon number of steamships and sailing craft that have recently "gone ashore" on the eastern coast of the North Pacific proves that commercial thrift has as free a field on the one side of our happy land as on the other and in the middle. Since the discovery of gold in California, hundreds of ships have piled themselves up on the margin of that mare serenitatis and the loss of life has been what the reporter finds it a melancholy pleasure and spiritual profit to describe as "appalling." Nearly all these hardy argosies take shore leave for

no better reason than that the shore happens to be near when it ought to be leagues away; in order to shorten the voyage by a few days or hours, they are driven along, much of the time in a fog, close to the land. That is not the fault of their commanders, but of their owners, who have a bad habit of discharging a skipper that permits his time from port to port to be beaten by another.

In the long run it "pays" better to lose an occasional ship and ship's company than to forego a quick profit by standing well out to sea. Excepting at the port of departure and the port of arrival, there is seldom any other reason for "going ashore." The Pacific has, of course, no monopoly of this calculated rascality; it has only a deadlier shore and a more brumous atmosphere. A mariner, with a memory rich in sad experience, once said to a Californian liberally endowed with the pride of locality: "You would not think so well of the Pacific coast if you had to skirt it in thick weather."

"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS"

It looks as if we were to have a season of blessed immunity from the Gibson Girl-

"Space to breathe, how short soever"-

for her creator has thrown down the tools of his more "dreadful trade" than that of "one who gathers samphire" and gone to a far countree to study color. He explains, with the modesty distinguishing him from the violet, that he has exhausted the possibilities of black and white. Armed with brush and palette, as a knight with lance and shield, he goes to the old world to conquer new ones. Every American lover of art will wish him such a degree of success as is not inconsistent with his permanent expatriation in pursuit of it. But that is too much to hope for: Mr. Gibson is a rapid student when glory waits and we shall soon have him again with us, exhausting the possibilities of color. What the resulting Gibson Girl will be one shudders to conjecture: probably a combination blue monkey and summer sunset-a visible indisposition, familiarly prognathous, but chromatically alien.

Magazine Shop-Talk



LTHOUGH the Christmas Cosmopolitan has been out but a few days when these pages go to press, we have already heard a great deal about its beauty and interest. The other great holiday numbers have not yet appeared but we back, in all confidence, our own

issue against those of our contemporaries for which you must pay three and a half times the price of the Cosmopolitan. Already there is a considerable demand for extra copies just for the Remington pictures and those to the story "In the Darkroom." The novelty of these latter illustrations has made a strong appeal to our readers. They tell us that they "want to cut out the big ones and frame them,"

We were glad of the chance given by the early publication date of the Cosmopolitan to prepare a second Holiday number. We think you will agree with us that the New Year Cosmopolitan is a very attractive magazine and not inferior to its predecessor. What is your opinion of Mrs. Knipe's "Mother and Daughter" pictures? We believe that they will take a very high place among the achievements of American illustrators in the past year and that they put the artist in the front rank of her profession.

BS

We feel that we should be congratulated not only on obtaining a series of articles from Mr. Charles E. Russell but that, in his carefully chosen list of subjects, he is taking up a new order of big ideas. We believe, and we think that the public agrees, that other magazines have fully succeeded in demonstrating the rapacious spirit of modern commercial enterprise, and that there are other big things of interest in this world. Mr. Russell possesses a special sense for big things, so we have asked him to look this planet carefully over and pick them out to write about. "Germanizing the World" deals with a very important and vital matter, tremendous in its probable consequences. Next month the second Russell article tells of the "Socialistic Government of London"-the programme

and work of the London County Council. For some years this remarkable body has been effecting a silent, but thorough, revolution in municipal government. The time has now come at which results justify a widespread diffusion of the Council's policy and Mr. Russell, in his hunt for big things, seems to have come across a most helpful and illuminating topic for the American people.

The most interesting feature of the magazine during the next few months will be a series of Cosmopolitan Table-Talks on the social and economic problems besetting our people. These talks will be published under the title of "The Day of Discentent."

They will be by prominent thinkers and men of affairs, who speak of vital things in a vital way.

We're not announcing any definite programme for the coming year. Events are developing too rapidly for anyone to say what will be of lively interest or what will be dead and gone three months hence. The lack of prearranged tables of contents gives us free scope to choose from month to month and is the promise of timely issues.

18

There is one thing that we should like to know more than anything else and that is the kind of fiction our readers most prefer. There is fashion in fiction quite as much as fashion in clothes. Some time ago everyone wanted stories of the romantic-historical order. Now they are decidedly at a discount. Most of them proved to be as false in sentiment as they were inaccurate in historic detail. They must have been easy to write, for a large crop of new and "promising" authors sprang up who quickly sank into deserved oblivion. present the demand seems to follow two very different lines-the story which provides the maximum of diversion and that which deals with the analysis of motives, the ways of the mind and the heart. You will find both kinds of stories always in the COSMOPOLITAN. Thoughtful readers are already much interested in Mr. Wells's remarkable serial, while the steady publication of the work of W. W. Jacobs,

Charles Battell Loomis, James L. Ford and other humorous writers insures an amount of purely diverting fiction that is not provided by any other magazine.

35

If that New Order of Things which will bring every man equal opportunities ever arrives, it will be recognized that Ernest be placed *au courant* of the most advanced thought on vital questions of the day.

25

A question as to the genuineness of Mr. Belasco's article "Art for Business' Sake" in the December Cosmopolitan has arisen since the discovery that some unscrupulous person has been selling articles



EMILIE BENSON KNIPE. FROM A DRAWING MADE BY HERSELF

Crosby has been one of its truest prophets. He may sometimes be very radical, but he never goes outside the bounds of common sense. By arrangement with Mr. Crosby, the COSMOPOLITAN will print his best thought on economic and social questions for some time to come. The reader will not be called upon to wade through long, dry essays, but, in a page or two, will

with Mr. Belasco's name to them but which he never wrote, to other magazines. We wish to state that "Art for Business' Sake" was prepared by Mr. Belasco in compliance with a request from us, that he himself read and revised the proofs and that he was paid for it by check made out to him and collected on his endorsement.

G. H. C.

Lackeys Out of Livery

BY BAILEY MILLARD

OING as a stranger from the sunset side of the continent to that Babel of self-assured greatness which "Walt" calls Mannahatta, one is struck by a significant and dismaying fact-that of an all-pervasive flunkeyism. From the gold buttons of the gorgeously picturesque individual who stands at the door of the big apartment hotel to the grav spats of the little footman at the tail of the trap, the eve of the wild Westerner wanders in mild revolt; but nothing bristles his fur so promptly as does the unliveried lackey-the pitiable representative of that large and growing class of little folk of little soul which mistakes form for

able but that of the rich.

So much are some of these small beings given to the idolatry of the dollared as to lose all other ambition than that of tagging after men of millions, just for the rare chance of a smile or a handshake. Thus do they promote and confirm the most insufferable fact of our social life—the overbearing insolence and the spectacular dignity of

culture, and which finds no company toler-

dollars.

Ah, the dignity of dollars! Ah, the grand manner of that unspeakable old financier and statesman sitting, with inflated front, in his open barouche as it passes through Central Park! No matter if such a man stand for all that is worst in our social life—a briber, a tempter and a debaucher of manhood among legislators and jurors, yet will he not fail to find ready admirers and supporters, men and women to condone his faults and uphold his plutocratic pomposity.

You will get no better example of the discomforts and privations, the qualms and the heartburnings to which these miserable folk subject themselves for the rare privilege of plutocratic propinquity than is afforded in that certain village in the state of New York which enjoys the dubious distinction of being the home of more pirate wealth than any other place of its population on earth.

This village would seem to me the most depressing of neighborhoods, the most impossible place of residence. Yet, aside from those of the villagers who are of assuredly high intentions, there are many people of moderate means who live there for no other reason than that they may be in the purlieus of plutocracy—or as one might say, risking a twist of metaphor, on the ragged edge of the rich. At every turn of the highway one sees in and about that village something to remind one of the uniailed band that has made itself iniquitously conspicuous in our national life. But nothing disturbs the cringing reverence of the unliveried lackeys which is their willing and settled attitude toward their many-dollared idols.

Glutinous personalities all—invertebrate and flabby as is racial flunkeyism the world over! But not hopeless, Impatient Observer—do not say hopeless. Do you not see that the leaven is at work? It will not be very long before even the slumbering flunkey intelligence shall rouse itself, when it shall begin to understand you when you say:

"Our standard has been wealth. We must have a new standard—manhood; not a return to peak-hatted Puritanism, but simple manhood. We must have a state of society in which there will be no discrimination between the robber rich and the robber poor; that condition in which social flunkeyism shall mean social debasement, where to be caught in the company of one capable of instigating a Standard Oil iniquity were no less a disgrace than to be seen walking down Broadway with a Jimmy Hope."

Yes, in that renascent epoch, the aroused flunkey intelligence will even understand you when, in discussing the speakable and tio

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the unspeakable, you shall say:

"The old-time trust-serving senator! Well, with suitable apology we may mention his name in a company of matured minds, but for heaven's sake don't utter it before the children."

But that is an admonition no representative of our flourishing flunkeyism could possibly understand now.



The Money Power and Our Next Great President

BY ERNEST CROSBY

UR next great president—who will he be? Who indeed? The month of February with its birthdays reminds us of Washington and Lincoln, who by common consent outrank our other presidents and stand in a class by themselves. Who will be the third? It is almost time to be on the lookout for him. To be sure Lincoln did his great work sixty years after Washington's death, and it is only forty years since Lincoln passed away. According to the calendar we might have to wait another score of years for his successor. But real history is not measured by the calendar. We make use of years to measure time by for lack of something better. They are only makeshifts at best. They do well enough to measure the revolution of dead planets, but the living soul of man has other standards to go by, and for

him often a thousand years are as a day and a day as a thousand years.

We have lived a very long forty years since the war. Our population has doubled, our cities have quadrupled, our prairies have been fenced in, our wealth has increased enormously and so has the number of paupers and the size of our prisons and asylums. We have evolved the tramp and the multi-millionaire. The trust has been born and flourishes like a green bay-tree. Strikes and labor quarrels are ever multiplying. We have invented a lot of new diseases, including nervous prostration and appendicitis, and it almost looks as if soon we should have more doctors than patients. And instead of showing an inclination to devote our attention to these evils and find a cure for them, we are seeking distraction in the management of the affairs of our neighbors, far and near. Measured by events it is no brief forty years since Lincoln's time, but much nearer four hundred. The third great president is overdue and we ought to be on the alert for him.

And what will he do when he comes? What did Washington and Lincoln do? They

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were not separate, isolated men. Great leaders never are. They give voice to their land and epoch. In Washington's time the people were conscious of unjust interference in their affairs on the part of Great Britain. They had been forbidden to manufacture this, that and the other thing, because it competed with English products. Taxes were imposed upon them without their consent, and they felt the wrong of it. They wished to be free, and Washington embodied their determination to have Freedom. Nor was Lincoln's case so very different. The slave power held millions of negroes in its grasp, but that was not all. It had enslaved the representatives of the people at Washington as well, and had made the North contemptible by its arrogance. Again the cry of "Freedom" was raised and

again the people found an incarnation of the idea in the President.

A superficial observer might suppose that because Washington and Lincoln both were at the head of successful armies, the essential thing in their fame is military glory. But this is clearly an error. Washington was a soldier, but it is not his military skill but his character and moral force and his devotion to the cause of liberty that have made him preminent in our history. No one was more opposed to war than he was. In 1788, he wrote to the Marquis of Chastellux: "For the sake of humanity it is devoutly to be wished that the manly employment of agriculture and the humanizing benefits of commerce would supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into ploughshares, the spears into pruning hooks, and, as the Scriptures express it, the nations learn war no more." And Lincoln, too, was a man of peace. The Civil War was a great grief to him, and he never saw in it anything but a sad necessity. It is very certain that if either of these great men were with us to-day, he would not look to conquest or military power as the exponent of national greatness. He would seek rather to promote the interests of the country in other directions.

And is there any lack of other directions? Has the old watchword of freedom lost its significance? Has it no application to the existing condition of affairs? The fixing of prices by the trusts without any possibility of competition on the part of the people is our modern form of taxation without representation, and it is a thousandfold worse than the old. There is no chattel slavery to-day, but the position of the man to whom all access to the natural gifts and raw material of his country is closed and who must make terms with its monopolizers is not altogether different from that of a slave. To own absolutely the sources of a man's livelihood is virtually to own the man.

We still are in need of freedom, then, in a form adapted to present circumstances, and the need to-day is more searching and widespread than it ever was before. The tasks of Washington and of Lincoln were comparatively simple and easy. To cut off the connection with England was like amputating a separate limb. The ulcer of the slave power was localized and three-quarters of the body politic at any rate was in a healthy condition, but now we have to do with a disease which has infected every drop of our blood and made its way into every tissue. We need a bigger president than Washington or Lincoln, for the

opportunity is far greater than it was in their day.

King power, slave power, money power! Two of them have fallen. Who will tackle the third? It will be no operation of pin pricks, but it will require a sharp knife, a steady hand and a determined heart. As Andrew Jackson took the United States Bank by the throat, so the selfish gamblers of to-day, whose authentic exploits are chronicled in our magazines month after month and in the daily reports of investigation committees, and whose pawns are made of flesh and blood, must be shorn of their privileges and sent back chastened to the place of equal opportunity with their fellow-citizens. We need a man who will go into the Senate of the United States and into the Ways and Means Committee-room with a whip of small cords. And it is high time that he were here.

